THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, October 27, 1926 | Number 25

CONTENTS

In a Blue Funk 595
Week by Week 597
What Is a Gang? 600
The Five-Day Week 600
Triumphs of Our Higher Schools ..... James Burns 602
The Course of Conversion, II ..... G. K. Chesterton 604
The Devil at Noonday ..... Henry L. Stuart 606
Hemlocks (*verse*) ..... John Hanlon 608
A Society for Science ..... H. Dopp 609
October Stars (*verse*) ..... Regina Walsh 610
A Parable of Romance ..... Charles S. Baldwin 611
Mimnermos of Colophon (*verse*) ..... Translation of John Sherry Mangan 611
Communications 612
Poems ..... R. M. Patterson, Jr., Daniel J. McKenna, Marie de L. Welch, Alfred Battle Bealle, Mary Carolyn Davies, Kathryn White Ryan 613
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 614
Books ..... Frederick H. Martens, George D. Meadows, T. C., Bertram C. A. Windle, George N. Shuster, Paul Crowley, George Mariano 615
The Quiet Corner 621

IN A BLUE FUNK

THE cautious pessimism of Henry Adams arrived at the following historical deduction: "The mass of Americans were sanguine and self-confident, partly by temperament, but partly also by reason of ignorance; for they knew little of the difficulties which surround a complex society." It was, in the main, a correct observation. It is relatively trustworthy even today. That democratic government is a job which requires all the nerve and muscle of a people, has by this time become a routine proverb insisted upon by all manner of worthy folk. That democratic government is, in practice, a business that absorbs all the risk and cunning possessed by a number of fellows who have gone in for it, has become a truism demonstrated by innumerable humdrum facts. At this moment, a jury has disagreed about the guiltiness of a former cabinet-member; two nominees for the Senate are palpably engineers of vote-buying corporations as skilfully conducted as the tennis tour of Mademoiselle Lenglen: the courts are supposed to be weighing the collusion of prominent federal officials with energetic oil interests; the whole system of primary elections is under suspicion; in the realm of Hoosierdom, a former generalissimo of Klanism is making up his mind about the value of news "that may rock the state and nation"; and the edifying catalogue might be enlarged.

At such a time, it seems almost absurd to discuss political principles or concrete political methods. A strutting scoundrel who is in favor of economy or the World Court remains none the less a scoundrel. Even the issue of prohibition, which is conjoined with graft in more than a dozen forms of devastating wedlock, seems like a plumber's visit when the house is on fire. You can—if you are a person like the embattled Republican Senator from New York—hedge on the subject of liquor enforcement; you may change your mind about what can be done for the farmer; but you cannot buy a public office and still claim to be politically honest. When the commercialization of government reaches a point where, as in metropolitan Chicago, the "guardians of the public trust" waxed fat through paroling desperate criminals, one may agree that it is perfectly proper for the citizenry to forget to enquire whether a candidate has read Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. When a Hoosier hooligan, who has spent his life doing the apparently impossible feat of proving that Mr. Theodore Dreiser's portraits of American conduct are not exaggerated, has cracked a whip over people who looked rather pompous on a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stump, it seems as if all Hoosiers who are not hooligans might well roll up their sleeves.

But gentlemen like Mr. Stephenson are, after all, relatively incidental. They are significant for the reason that they are symptomatic. For all their brevity of stature, they do indicate that something is wrong with the system. Now there happens to be a mechanical theory of government. "It will be agreed, I think," says Major Douglas, the English economist, "that we are in possession of sufficient data to be able to say that no scheme which depends for its success on the personal qualifications of those administering it, is worth pursuing." Eliminate the personal element from any form of administrated enterprise, he would say, and the running will be steadier and smoother. That is why Americans have trusted the primary and the reformed civil service. That is why, in a somewhat different way, they have created and supported the modern Republican party.

Into this were gathered and cemented the parts of what looked like the big and actually bustling civic wheel—the ideas and methods proper to industrial capitalism; the Yankee fondness for economical procedure and a "main office"; the use of prosperity as a concomitant of government. Republicanism is established—beyond the abiding reach of any rival—because it adopted in the political world the stride almost every citizen was consciously or unconsciously trying to get into in other spheres of activity. A good many people may not like the name or may choose, for intimate reasons, to call themselves by another. But these private preferences could never be very important because they were never very hostile. Any number of Democrats, for instance, really feel Republican—that is, they want the same economy, the same prosperity, the same methods. The result has been natural and immediate. There has come into being a form of government which actually does not depend upon the persons who administer it, which follows a definite direction with the force of its own momentum—but the political campaigns associated with which are almost entirely given over to a great and sometimes a decidedly misleading debate about persons.

Fascism, for instance, is supposed to be vastly more theoretic, dictatorial, and mechanical than American democracy. Yet we nearly all concede that the disappearance of Mussolini might greatly modify, if not completely alter, the character of Fascism. Would the disappearance of any Republican leader cause more than a sentimental stir? The mere asking of the question is sufficient answer. Without Mr. Coolidge the machine would rumble right along the same old road and carry out its natural purpose in the orthodox way. A completely new series of human attachés would affect it less than does a drop in the price of corn or the failure of a chain of banks. These things are the only elements upon which the machine depends for its functioning. And so it is really quite true that Republicanism, as a principle, can carry on in spite of vote-buying and fraud. Cheap charlatans cling to it like barnacles, but it nevertheless forges ahead. Thus there occurs a crystallization of one American ideal—and it is magnificent enough.

Of course, the ideal itself may be imperfect or wrong. This simple possibility is often overlooked in the tumult of election time. Surely the first task of citizenry must always be, not a distrustful scrutiny of individual candidates for office, but a reasoned consideration of political goals. And Republicanism has, at least, a goal and a character. It is something apart from its representatives. It incorporates a trend of life and thinking. Democrats and other opponents, however, almost necessarily rest their cases on personal testimony. Their popular personages are their strong suit. When one looks for inner individuality, for a conscious sense of direction, the result is disappointing. The Democratic national program, for instance, has never been reconstructed since the era of the Wilsonian crusade. When the "new freedom" and the "coming internationalism" were spurned by the electorate, the heritors of the President disbanded like an audience that has been rebuked by the police, and apparently were unable to agree upon another place of meeting. That is why the political thought now in action is so undramatic and devitalized. Even if the Republican machine were vastly more dissolute, the Democratic doctrine would still be in a state of relative confusion.

Fortunately enough—for both parties and all citizens—there are indications that virile leaders of the opposition to Republicanism are gradually developing a new code of political practice. The rapid growth of cities has made inevitable a close grapple with "the difficulties that surround a complex society." In the seething amalgam of crowds, one element is destined to succeed in isolating itself and assuming the rôle of government. When this element truly incorporates the experience of the crowd; when it is as resolute to achieve for the many what it normally wishes to do for itself; when it conserves the qualities of honor, honesty and democratic sentiment which, in times when human nature is generous, accompany the ascendency of an individual from the level throng—then it really has a political meaning and destiny. It is civic because it has been of the city. And that is why so much interest now attaches to the New York elections. There Republicanism, a nationally dominant and traditional force, is confronted with the new energy that has been created out of popular need and ambition and which is still primitive enough to preserve the flavor of the personal. One must courageously believe that out of this conflict will come a better realization of the dignity and potentiality of political government. If one did not have this confidence, the present scene would leave one in nothing short of a blue funk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

WITH Lord Oxford, more widely remembered as Herbert Henry Asquith, resigning in high dudgeon from the leadership of British Liberalism, a rather picturesque moment has arrived. The man who more than any other human being typified the ceaseless intellectual teeter-totter of his party, gives way to the resurrected spell-binding of England's Senator Borah —Lloyd George. How many more scintillant political obituaries will be issued before the coal-strike problem is settled? The Spectator opines that no final solution can be arrived at within two years. If this estimate is accurate, the war at the mines will have almost the same duration and political effect as the world catastrophe of 1914. Lord Oxford was, no doubt, technically correct in holding that the general strike was illegal. Under the Trades Unions Act, the decision taken by labor in June was clearly abnormal. It was a step which Unionists, who conscientiously believe in getting what they want through legislation, must emphatically condemn. But in a broader, more humanitarian sense, the "rebellion" of those who toiled in the mines, and of those who sympathized with them, was quite justifiable. The records of the coal industry showed that the miners were drifting precariously near to the verge of starvation, that the government seemed powerless to better conditions, and that the owners—who for generations have steadily drawn fat checks as dividends—were unwilling to recognize the facts in the case. This is precisely the point of view which a man like Lloyd George can defend with lung and muscle. But it happens also to be a point of view that should be given due consideration and that should be taken a great deal more seriously than Lloyd George can be.

NO doubt the movement which culminated in the general strike was a movement of impatience. The strike itself may be compared to a gesture of sudden, tired wrath. Appropriately enough, the memorandum of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, representing leading churchmen, appeared as a token of public good will. It said nothing about legality or illegality. It had more important things to talk about. But at present it seems that there is no possibility that it will get a favorable hearing from any of the parties concerned. The dour political battle will continue. After all, there may be something in the suggestion of Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, successful publisher, whose book, If I Were a Labor Leader, is well worth reading. He opines that the whole fuss could be settled easily if business men were selected to lead the trades unions in a business-like fashion. "The general strike," he says, "has cleared the air. We have now tested the value of socialism as an aid to labor, and we know that it is a fraud and a sham which can only ruin the genuine labor movement. Almost every advance that the trades unions have secured in wages has been nullified or minimized by restricted production or rising prices due to the false spirit which socialism has spread throughout industry." Yes—regulate production and prices, and the problem of wages (even in the mines) will pretty well take care of itself. But there is always the question: Who will regulate them?

CONGRATULATIONS are due the American Legion for what now seems to be a settled plan to follow their next year's convention by a visit to Paris in a body. In any case, the failure to accept the invitation brought over by Colonel and Deputy Yves Picot, would have been felt as a slight upon French hospitality. But following the many reports of hostility to Americans abroad which the press has carried and which enquiry has shown again and again to be exaggerated, disfigured, or plain lies, it would have been a gesture that might well have brought to an end one phase of an old, old friendship. One hardly needs the assurances of the French envoy, who is not only a veteran, but a "mutile," to be sure that the cheers which greeted the vanguard of the delivering army in 1917 will be repeated with even greater volume upon the occasion of its first decennial. There are worthy people who question the significance of international junketings on such a scale as a Legion visit to Paris, and who will ask, with all the air of posing a tough question, what will be proved when all the dust has settled. One thing, at least, that will be proved is that avarice, immunity to the emotional appeal, and inability to see beyond the dollar sign, of late so widely presented as America's reaction to the war, are very far from telling the whole story. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lads who once sang all along the roads of France a song anent the impossibility of "getting rich" in the army, will show that their appreciation of something money would not have been able to buy them is all the greater because they are ten years older, ten years sadder, and perhaps ten years wiser.

ONE other thing sticks out from the Legion doings at Philadelphia. This is the unimpaired value of a symbol. Doubts may have existed as to the Paris visit. But they disappeared when the old, and very decrepit "Marne taxi-cab" lumbered and spluttered up the aisle of the big hall, bearing messages from General Foch, the French President, and the French Premier. Gallieni's sortie from Paris will always remain in the high-light of the war. It is rather wonderful that writers for the screen, in search of something to twist the heart-strings, are neglecting it as the background for one of their stories. The resistless march of the grey columns on the capital, with two armies retreating on their front; the sudden and ill-advised swerve to the east observed only by one scouting airplane; the flash of genius in the brain of the grizzled old colonial general, denied the post his genius merited and already marked for death; the piling of territorials and Algerians into cabs and motor-buses upon the boulevards; the swoop on the German right along the Ourcq, a stratagem that Foch will not be able to better four years later—and fifteen years of planning and scheming by the German war staff gone glimmering in a day! What a scenario! Gallieni's rigid and soldierly account of a battle whose credit was filched from him, not published until after his death, gives only its technical outline, but even he has a word for the Marne taxi-driver under fire. "I asked one of them [at Gagny] if he wasn't afraid of the shells. He answered: 'We'll do the same as the boys! We'll go wherever they go! Only I wish I'd known, so I could have brought along something to eat.' "

MR. AUGUST HECKSCHER, in proposing that the slums of New York be replaced with sanitary tenements financed by private philanthropy and state subsidy, calls attention at any rate to the fact that sordid living conditions can be bettered. We seem to have got in the habit of considering "east-sides" and "west-sides" permanent fixtures which cannot be displaced without violating something like a law of nature. Mr. Heckscher, returning from a trip abroad, announces that England and Germany have long since been working out architectural problems in a spirit of social welfare. He advocates with considerable eloquence an adaptation of the London plan, under which hovels have been replaced with houses rented on a basis of "what the tenant can afford to pay." To realtors and others who have bitterly opposed what the New York State Housing Commission has already been doing, he says: "A group of tenements which were condemned in 1885 as being, even at that date, unfit for human habitation, are today, forty years later, still occupied. We talk a great deal about good citizenship, but how can we expect these miserable apologies for homes to give forth good citizens?" The point, as well as the solution proposed by Mr. Heckscher, are of such importance as to merit status as great public issues. Of course, it may well be that the London plan is not best suited to the solution of our American housing problem. But to spend years of precious time academically debating solutions would be a calamitous deferring of evil to a posterity which, however innocent, must certainly reap the fruits.

UNDOUBTEDLY the fundamental problem is not the house, but the city itself. A modern metropolis, as Lewis Mumford and others have long since pertinently remarked, is a place where industry concentrates workers in such numbers that they cannot be redistributed over a very large residential area. The 14,000 people who rush to their jobs in the Woolworth Building want to be as near that building as possible. Some of them may sacrifice a valuable part of their lives to suburban train service, but the majority will try to live within a radius which leaves them free to exploit leisure hours as fully as possible. Therefore crowded apartment houses are an inevitable consequence of Woolworth Buildings in dense array, and therefore the realty and construction costs of these houses increase constantly. Replacement is a slow and expensive process: New York City is only now witnessing the rebuilding of an old and jaded district into a residential "Tudor City" which will be the abode of a salaried class. If society must accept this system, and the consequent centralization of amusement and recreation, as permanent, there is apparently no way out excepting to undertake—as Mr. Heckscher suggests—the reconstruction of a part of the metropolitan area by the state and philanthropy on behalf of the poor. But perhaps the system need not be considered permanent. It is still possible to prevent by legislation the further growth of "Woolworth Buildings" and to foster the decentralization of urban living. Which way shall the future go?

SHARP dissent on our part goes out to the recommendation of Miss Chloe Owings, "social hygiene lecturer," who has just been telling the New York Parents' and Teachers' Congress that children should be "equipped with complete knowledge of the processes of life" before they encounter adolescence, and that responsibility for giving this information must be shared between parents and that nebulous entity, "the community." The result of adopting her suggestion, Miss Owings claims, will be that the girl or boy who has had the advantage of it will attain the period where life poses its problems in personal and urgent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashion with "a wholesome and unemotional attitude toward them." It is precisely here that we see the danger. Anyone who knows children on a more intimate footing than being a "hygiene lecturer," knows that the innocence of childhood is not the accident it seems to the positive mind. It is a season of acute susceptibility with a strong leaning to the heroic and sentimental solution. It is a season of intense curiosity. But this curiosity, if not misdirected by the glum joy-spoilers who are so busy among us, does not extend to biological processes—in fact, a certain blindness to them is of the essence of a healthy and normal childhood. To leave childhood its all too brief holiday of innocence, while reinforcing, by means that all good fathers, mothers, and guardians have at hand, the instinct that warns it against what is unclean, perilous, or of ill report, may be unscientific. But it is only ineffective in ineffective or unloving hands.

CONSIDERED from the point of view of their personal helpfulness, there is something a little remote about statistics. One of the most unsettling things about them is that they often seem directly contrary to observation. It would be interesting to analyze the figures upon which Professor Irving Fisher relies for his confident bet that by the year 1999 we shall have "become a nation of centenarians." To the layman, who is forced to his conclusions either from personal impressions or from talk where doctors of medicine foregather, such things do not reinforce the hope that any marked advance in longevity is taking place in the "middle years," or that the old, old limit of the psalmist is to be reckoned on any more confidently. Sudden death, as a glance at the obituary column any morning in the week will show, is terribly common. There are even those who tell us that its incidence must be accepted as one of the "ransoms" humanity is paying to the accelerated tempo and rhythm of life.

THE prevalence of heart trouble and of chronic infections which endanger life, though they do not check its activities, are not less, but greater. And there is the puzzling menace of cancer, with which the life of former generations does not seem to have been shadowed. Without analyzing the statistics that lie behind the advance made during the last ten years, and which have pushed up the average duration of life from fifty-one to fifty-six years, one suspects that it has been won rather by a steady decrease in youthful mortality than in greater care and circumspection during adult life. Most men, as an English writer recently remarked, "die of being themselves." It is by no means sure that the world will be the gainer if ever the eighty-year limit promised us by Professor Fisher and other strenuous health apostles becomes its aim.

IT is interesting to note that the Daily News of London, which specializes in religious statistics, has occasion to call attention to a sharp decline in the popularity of the Sunday schools maintained by the various non-Catholic bodies in England and Wales. Within the last twenty years, in other words from the year 1906, when the peak of attendance was reached, there has been a decline of 1,775,973, or nearly 40 percent in scholars registered. The London Tablet, in commenting on the situation, refuses to waste any tears over the exodus, or to believe for a moment that the statistics disclose a waning interest in religion, and we concur heartily.

FROM the very beginning, the taint of patronage weighed upon the institutions founded in 1780 by Robert Raikes and John Nichols, who, by the way, were only following an example given very many years before by Saint Charles Borromeo. Teaching being voluntary, unpaid, guaranteed by no parti-religious authority, was haphazard in the extreme. In country districts, it tended to fall into the hands of the spinster members of the local vicar's or squire's family, with results that are not particularly cheering to recall. Moreover, and not by any coincidence, the establishment of Sunday schools happened to synchronize with the industrial movement and the very low and material views then current concerning the "betterment" of the poor. It was urged in their favor, with entire candor, that they tended to make the poor "more tractable and obedient." Mr. Witt Bowden, in his very painstaking work, Industrial Society in England Toward the End of the Eighteenth Century, reviewed in The Commonweal some time ago, dismisses them with the remark that "the one significant movement for popular education contributed more to the subjection of the workers than to their emancipation."

AS Puccini's Turandot, a swan-song draped gracefully round a Chinese fairy-story, draws nearer to the inevitable New York première, echoes of its effect upon continental audiences are listened to with deepening interest. Will this romantically resurrected opera duplicate the melodic triumph of Madame Butterfly and gain a place in the standard repertory? One considers the matter a little incredulously, remembering that Puccini was a man who grew old and stiff rapidly. Mr. Olin Downes suggests that the future may lie rather with the American effort which Miss Millay and Mr. Deems Taylor have collaborated in bringing to a conclusion. Certainly no projected United States opera has ever aroused so much curiosity and hope. It should be interesting and it may be great. But one wonders if the ambition to be local and native above all things else does not enshackle our musical creativeness. Europe—it is said—is in a receptive mood to nothing American that does not sound a barbaric, or at least a rebellious, note. Whereas Tschaikovsky could derive from Beethoven without disqualifying himself as a Russian citizen and Puccini could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find exquisite materials in Chinese legends, a composer who lives under the beneficent rule of the Constitution must never hazard a peep beyond the horizon. But regardless of such matters, Mr. Deems Taylor is undoubtedly one reason why the coming musical season will be unusually stimulating and compelling.

WHAT IS A GANG?

FURTHER machine-gun murders in Chicago have once more concentrated attention upon the 1,313 gangs which the city is said to possess, by actual count. Though other thriving centres of population may not be able to approach this impressive sum-total, no large urban district is free of the gang evil. But what, to be precise, is a gang? Professor Frederick Thrasher offers this definition in a recent contribution to The Survey: "The gang is an interstitial group originally formed spontaneously, and then integrated through conflict. It is characterized by the following types of behavior: meeting face to face, milling, movement through space, conflict, and planning. The result of this collective behavior is the development of tradition, unreflective internal structure, esprit de corps, solidarity, morale, group awareness, and attachment to a local territory." In other words, the gang is a group of fellows who fall in with one another somewhere in a part of town which sags, like an old house on a weedy lot, between prosperous and urbane districts. They fight each other's battles, take a liking to each other's favorite haunts, and gradually get into the habit of undertaking "community" enterprises. Gangs in Chicago do not, therefore, differ essentially from the little crowd which Jesse James gathered round him in post-bellum Missouri.

Long ago it became apparent that, granted certain economic and social conditions, the gang would appear as naturally as flies are an inevitable deduction from unsanitary drainage conditions. That does not imply a comparison between flies and mortal men: it merely signifies that those who feel that government has no hygienic function, that economy and not salutary spending for the public weal ought to be a social rule, have overlooked a few rather essential matters. Were the "interstitial areas" referred to by Professor Thrasher eliminated, crime would not cease, but gang criminality probably would. Almost everyone has known professional gangsters who in private life were amiable, trustworthy and sometimes even religious as private citizens. They merely regarded their social code as a kind of "natural law" which ruled the human universe. This peculiar view is sometimes the result of circumstances that challenge reflection. Experience has shown, for instance, that foundlings, when they reach a sturdy age and are released from institutions, find themselves so ignorant of ordinary social practice as to fear the companionship of normal persons. It is not at all surprising that they should take refuge in the outskirts of respectability—instead of upon respectability's bosom.

How much can be done toward remedying the situation is still a matter of conjecture. No doubt the tightening of legal and police processes might terrify a few of those disposed to assume, summarily, the rôle of justice in person. Possibly the elimination of prohibitory legislation as a source of subterranean income might also help. But in the long run, Professor Thrasher is right in saying: "The abolition of the gang, even if it could be accomplished, would not remove the unwholesome influences with which the boy in gangland is surrounded. Many boys there would become demoralized even without the gang. 'Bad boys' as defined by society, are largely created by the disorganizing forces consequent upon the confused conditions where American life is in process of ferment and readjustment." And thereby hangs a tale which is at the present moment peculiarly pertinent. The statistics of crime have been gathered in a thousand and one places, by a thousand and one agencies. But though they lead to varied conclusions, they all enforce one truth: that not the race, not heredity, but the child is the father of the man.

Thus far the remedial energy expended on the problem has generally taken the stand that more beneficial associations must be created to take the place of the gang. Scouting is the reply of the welfare worker to the growing anxiety of society, and doubtless scouting is an excellent thing. Perhaps a few weaknesses that have cropped up in its history need correction, but on the whole, none of our American "movements" displays a healthier spirit. But even so, scouting alone can never be sufficient. It is necessarily what may be an "extra-curricular" activity. Until the more elemental institutions—the school, the family, the community—realize the complexity of the growth of youth and prepare themselves to foster it adequately, there is little enough hope for a time when the "gang," offering an easy and adventuresome way out of daily drudgery, will be completely eliminated as a force that makes for lawlessness and crime.

THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

THE five-day week that now seems to be on us is a good instance of how quickly far-reaching social changes sometimes eventuate. The demand of the worker for more abundant leisure is nothing new. Hardly any congress where labor has met to define its aims has missed featuring on its agenda as a factor without which higher wages and fairer contracts would be an illusory gain. But the practical-minded were not greatly impressed. They had grown used to listening to proposals whose realization seemed scheduled for some dim and distant future. In certain industries, carried on at night or under special circumstances of strain, the shorter week had already been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conceded. But these were partial changes, matters of expediency whose repercussion was hardly felt outside the industries affected. The demand for the forty-hour week generally is something quite different. The plea that it is called for quite as much in the interests of employer as employed strikes a new note. It is plain we are facing something that is little less than a social revolution. We have here a challenge that should keep economists and social workers busy for a generation or two, if the innovation is to turn eventually to good.

The first thing to note about the new demand is that it does not entirely proceed from the worker's volition. It is quite easy to imagine circumstances under which it would never have been made. It is the direct result of a system imposed on him. These conditions were not accepted without many a revolt, overt and secret too, that is the real and underlying tragedy of modern history. Very few worth-while writers today have a good word to say for the industrial system in its early days. So thoroughly admitted are the meanness and heartlessness that presided over its beginnings, that to marshal all the evidence would be time and space wasted. But what is not so generally perceived is the new conception of work that it brought in its train—the divorce from anything that had been human nature which made contentment with it unthinkable.

The habit of continuous work, the fashion of regarding it as a dawn-to-dark every-day-in-the-week affair, dates, roughly in every sense, from the Reformation, and Protestant historians of the positive order have not forgotten to make capital therefrom. In Protestant countries, where it attained its rankest growth, it derived partly from the sudden shutting off of spiritual interests and the time they claimed. The new stress that came from the importation and coinage of gold, the supersession of payment in kind, and the terrible land enclosures which robbed the poor artisan of an economic anchor to windward, were contributing causes everywhere. But, until the introduction of machinery, many of the old alleviations remained. The interruptions to work while the worker was still not divorced from his home must have been continuous. In the aggregate they probably totaled a "loss of time" not much less than the abolished church festivals, and equaling the shorter week now proposed. In countries where the process of industrialization has not been so thorough as in hapless England, the traveler may still watch the old conception of work as an all-day affair, suspended again and again, at intervals, for meals, gossip, and domestic chores.

What the industrial system did, and so flagrantly that it is hard to read of it without indignation, was really this: it took the acquired habit of work, canalized and shut it up in factories, intensified and speeded it up to the limit of endurance, and then, having secured a reservoir of labor and raw material practically illimitable, entered into a partnership with government, which it soon controlled, to secure it new outlets. Imperialism, the millionaire, and proletarization all date from this oppression of the poor man—a sin, let it never be forgotten, which Catholic theology lists, with the sin for which Sodom fell, as one "crying against the Holy Ghost."

The choice before the early industrialist was clear, and cannot have escaped his practical and mechanical mind. He might produce an equal—or even far greater bulk of merchandise with less labor. Or he might, by an intensive search for new markets, lay the burden of an intensive production to satisfy them upon the shoulders of millions, and this indefinitely, since the industrial system broke, once and for all, the easy hierarchy by which the prentice became the patron. The world today is reaping the fruit of his disastrous choice.

Professor Witt Bowden, of Pennsylvania University, in his Industrial Society in England Toward the End of the Eighteenth Century, reviewed in The Commonweal some months ago, puts the matter very cogently: "It might naturally be assumed that a society which found itself possessed of such vastly increased labor power . . . would devise a system for the distribution of labor by which no individual, least of all the immature and dependent child, would find it necessary to exhaust his entire store of energy in economic productivity. But, in this respect, the possibilities of improved methods of producton were not utilized. Frail women, feeble men, dependent children, toiled machine-like, manipulating machines more than all the day hours of each week, while others lived idly and luxuriously, and others lived meagerly by means of charity because of lack of opportunity for work."

Undoubtedly, a sense of social justice has been growing among us during the last few decades. But it is not necessary to refer the halt which now seems on the eve of being called to the inhuman exploitation of human energies, to any change of heart. Overproduction today sits squarely over the shoulders of our manufacturers, unless the tempo of production is allayed.

It is rather surprising that this was not foreseen, since, while the speeding up of manufacturing processes is a matter of ingenuity and organization, consumption remains subject to all manner of unforeseen accidents, of which the human factor is not the least. Meantime, what seems important, once the five-day week is upon us, is that the old mistake shall not be repeated, and a new rhythm of life be allowed to overtake those unequipped for it, without some help and guidance. Those who would exploit the workers' leisure today (we may be quite sure of this) are neither less wide-awake to their own interests, nor animated by any better concern for his, than those who robbed him of it 150 years ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRIUMPHS OF OUR HIGHER SCHOOLS

By JAMES BURNS

(This article by Reverend James Burns begins the important series on modern education, its strength and its weakness, which was announced in The Commonweal of October 6. Another article by Father Burns will appear in the issue of November 3, to be followed by several others on various aspects of the topic by authoritative writers.—The Editors.)

VERY little study is needed to enable one to see that great changes have been going on at Catholic colleges and universities during the past two decades. On the material side, there has been continual expansion. New buildings have been erected everywhere, and even the smaller colleges have had to enlarge their accommodations. Changes have taken place also in the character of the student body. Many a college with an overflowing attendance of collegiate students today, a couple of decades ago counted the majority of its students among the "preps"; and at the time there seemed little hope of getting rid of these except by a very slow process.

At the present time, the preparatory departments have either disappeared completely from the colleges, or have come to occupy a more separate and subordinate position. The increase of collegiate students at many of our larger schools, during this period, has been by hundreds of percent. In point of increased collegiate enrolment as well as of buildings erected, a comparative study would probably show that we have fairly kept pace with the general movement of material expansion in American higher education

Where has the money come from for all our new college buildings? Much of it, of course, has come from the self-sacrificing economy of the religious orders. A very large proportion of it, however, has come in the form of gifts. There have been gifts for endowment as well as for buildings. It was formerly regarded as extremely difficult to interest Catholics in educational endowment, especially for colleges conducted by the religious orders. Up to the time of the great war but little had been done in this way.

In the great money-raising enthusiasm that swept the country during the war period, and which the non-Catholic schools were quick to seize upon and capitalize for their own advantage, Catholic educators saw their opportunity. Most of our colleges and universities conducted campaigns. In certain instances, the heads of dioceses coöperated magnanimously, and the campaigns, assuming a diocesan character, achieved their goal without much difficulty. Most often, however, the campaign appeal was made only to the alumni concerned and to wealthy or well-to-do Catholics within a territory more or less defined. Sometimes the object announced was the raising of money exclusively for new buildings; sometimes it was for both buildings and endowment; while some schools appealed for endowment only, especially where conditional gifts had been made by the General Education Board or the Carnegie Corporation. A surprising result was, that Catholics were found to be as willing to contribute money for permanent endowment as for the putting up of buildings. This disposition was quite unexpected. It contradicted the experience and positive predictions of some of our most experienced educators. It showed a decidedly new turn of thought, which is surely not without its significance for the future.

On the academic side, there has been a corresponding expansion. Twenty years ago, with the exception of a few institutions, we had only classical colleges. Latin and Greek, English, history and mathematics, with some sciences, formed the staple subjects of instruction. Today, Greek is not, as a rule, strictly required. Many colleges have, in addition to the classics, a curriculum in general science, while some offer the student a choice among a number of cultural curricula. Departments of engineering are no longer so rare; even among the smaller colleges we find premedical and prëengineering departments; while in many parts of the country, especially in the larger cities, full departments of commerce enroll many thousands of Catholic students who would otherwise be attracted to non-Catholic institutions.

Most significant of all, it appears to me, have been the religious developments. Nowhere else has the epoch-making appeal of Pius X for frequent and daily Communion met a more hearty response. I have heard bishops who are noted for their special zeal in this respect, express their astonishment on seeing the thronging hundreds of college students about the altar rails of college chapels on week-day mornings. In some places, religious reports are published regularly, showing, so far as this is possible, the work of the prefect of religion and his assistants. This is something that is altogether new. At one of our universities, the prefect of religion issues, in addition to his regular annual report, a daily bulletin, giving what might be called the local religious news of the morning, oftentimes with comments on happenings which may be considered specially apt to convey moral or religious lessons. This "daily," usually of a foolscap page in size, is posted on the regular bulletin boards and is eagerly read. Who would have thought of such a thing a couple of decades ago?

A visitor at a well-known Jesuit college, during the Novena of Grace, tells of his surprise on noticing that about two hundred of the students remained in the chapel, after the sermon and Benediction, in order to say the rosary, make the Way of the Cross, or per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form other acts of devotion. "Not even in a community of religious," was his comment, "have I ever witnessed a scene of more sincere and unaffected piety." A convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade can gather hundreds of students, many of them from a considerable distance, to discuss the various problems connected with Catholic foreign mission work. The things which I have mentioned are typical of the religious life of our students. They have their faults; but there is discernible in their religious dispositions a deep earnestness, a sincere piety, a certain American directness of aim, an idealism which would combine lofty conceptions of the spiritual life with the practical temper of the times. Might not all this, recalling, as it does, the mighty stirrings and impulses of the Faith in the hearts of Catholic college youths of other ages, betoken some greater religious development that is to come? How can we increase still further, and direct most wisely and fruitfully, all this fine, fresh, intelligent faith and fervor? The actual results, however wonderful, should not make us lose sight of the greater possibilities which may lie hidden.

It will be readily perceived that, outside of religion, the developments referred to have been the outcome of a general movement affecting all higher education. A common impulse has been felt by Catholic and non-Catholic educators alike, an impulse born of the spirit of the country and of the time. Catholic colleges and universities have thus been brought closer, in form as well as relationship, to the non-Catholic colleges and universities around them. This result may be wholesome; but it is not without its dangers. We cannot safely forget that there are traditions from which Catholic education may never depart, no matter how opposed these may seem to the spirit of the age or prevailing educational tendencies. As regards religious and moral training, the reasons are obvious. Even outside of this domain, however, there are certain ideals and principles for which Catholic education stands and for which it must continue to stand inflexibly. These things are a consequence of the Catholic view of life, and are rooted in the teachings of Catholic philosophy. They are a substantial part of our educational inheritance. A few examples of current educational thought and practice will, perhaps, make all this more clear and concrete.

A year or so ago, I happened to see an editorial which appeared in a certain Catholic college journal. The editorial quoted approvingly the following statement of a well-known non-Catholic author: "What anyone studies, however, is only a more or less unimportant detail. It is the companionship—the contact with men of the world and association with other receptive minds—that forms the greater and more useful part of college life." Now, this is a theory of college life and work which appears to have become quite common. The president of a large college in the East has given expression to it in these terms: "The curriculum is, after all, not the thing of primary importance either to the student or to the parent. It is the college life, the environment, the companionship—the character, in a word, of the institution—that counts. We may define character as the total reaction of a personality to its environment. In all these reactions, the curriculum is but a single element, and apparently by no means the most important."

Passing over the definition of character given, which, of course, is unacceptable, and considering the means proposed for the accomplishment of the work of higher education, must we not say that this new theory stands in flagrant opposition to our Catholic traditions? We grant that the work of higher cultural education is done chiefly through contacts; but is it to be done through contacts of the immature mind of the student with the immature minds of his fellow-students, by means of social and other student "activities," and with the minds of passing "men of the world"? Or, is it not to be done rather through contacts of the mind of the student with the greatest minds that have lived, those that have left us the immortal fruit of their greatness in the masterpieces of literature, philosophy, art and science?

And what about the teacher? In the view of the college president quoted, the teacher is apparently regarded as part of the curriculum, and thus is relegated to a secondary rôle. Yet, if the traditions which have come down to us and which have gathered up the experience and wisdom of all the centuries of Catholic educational achievement have valor still, the teacher is the most vital element in the true educational process. For, the teacher's function is to arouse and stimulate the mind of the student and bring it into intimate relationship with those master minds whose thought and work have been the great guiding influences upon mankind. Student social life, athletics, and the various other extra-curricular activities, have also their importance, but this can never be more than secondary.

It is to be hoped that this new theory of college education is not accepted by any of our teachers or administrators. The editorial referred to was written by a student. But the air is full of such educational sophistry. We cannot afford simply to disregard it. We must combat it in an active, aggressive way. Fully, repeatedly, and with all possible emphasis we must set forth the truth about such fundamental matters to our students, for only by doing so can we prevent them from being misled by the false though spacious theories of education which are upheld by men whose prominence lends to their opinions a certain weight of authority.

The views which have been cited refer to the means to be employed in the education of college students. Not less objectionable, as I shall show in a future article, is the prevailing idea as to the function of college education in preparing the student for a successful career in life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COURSE OF CONVERSION

II. THE MEDDLESOME LAYMAN

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE whole case of Protestantism against Catholicism has been turned clean round and is facing the contrary way. On practically every single point on which the Reformation accused the Church, the modern world has not only acquitted the Church of the crime, but has actually charged it with the opposite crime. It is as if the Reformers had mobbed the Pope for being a miser, and then the court had not only acquitted him, but had censured him for his extravagance in scattering money among the mob. The principle of modern Protestantism seems to be that so long as we go on shouting "To hell with the Pope" there is room for the widest differences of opinion about whether he should go to the hell of the misers or the hell of the spendthrifts. This is what is meant by a broad basis for Christianity and the statement that there is room for many different opinions side by side.

When the Reformer says that the principles of the Reformation give freedom to different points of view, he means that they give freedom to the Universalist to curse Rome for having too much predestination and to the Calvinist to curse her for having too little. He means that in that happy family there is a place for the "no Popery" man who finds purgatory too tender-hearted and also for the other "no Popery" man who finds hell too harsh. He means that the same description can somehow be made to cover the Tolstoyan who blames priests because they permit patriotism and the Diehard who blames priests because they represent internationalism. After all, the essential aim of true Christianity is that priests should be blamed; and who are we that we should set narrow dogmatic limits to the various ways in which various temperaments may desire to blame them? Why should we allow a cold difficulty of the logician, technically called a contradiction in terms, to stand between us and the warm and broadening human brotherhood of all who are full of sincere and unaffected dislike of their neighbors? Religion is of the heart, not of the head; and as long as all our hearts are full of a hatred for everything that our fathers loved, we can go on flatly contradicting each other forever about what there is to be hated.

Such is the larger and more liberal modern attack upon the Church. It is quite inconsistent with the old doctrinal attack; but it does not propose to lose the advantages arising from any sort of attack. But in a somewhat analogous fashion, it will be found that the real difficulties of a modern convert are almost the direct contrary of those which were alleged by the more ancient Protestants. Protestant pamphlets do not touch even remotely any of the real hesitations that he feels; and even Catholic pamphlets have often been concerned too much with answering the Protestant pamphlets. Indeed, the only sense in which the priests and propagandists of Catholicism can really be said to be behind the times is that they sometimes go on flogging a dead horse and killing a heresy long after it has killed itself. But even that is, properly understood, a fault on the side of chivalry. The preacher, and even the persecutor, really takes the heresy more seriously than it is seen ultimately to deserve; the inquisitor has more respect for the heresy than the heretics have. Still, it is true that the grounds of suspicion or fear that do really fill the convert, and sometimes paralyze him at the very point of conversion, have really nothing in the world to do with this old crop of crude slanders and fallacies, and are often the very inversion of them.

The short way of putting it is to say that he is no longer afraid of the vices, but very much afraid of the virtues of Catholicism. For instance, he has forgotten all about the old nonsense of the cunning lies of the confessional in his lively and legitimate alarm of the truthfulness of the confessional. He does not recoil from its insincerity, but from its sincerity; nor is he necessarily insincere in doing so. Realism is really a rock of offense; it is not at all unnatural to shrink from it; and most modern realists only manage to like it because they are careful to be realistic about other people. He is near enough to the sacrament of penance to have discovered its realism and not near enough to have yet discovered its reasonableness and its common sense. Most of those who have gone through this experience have a certain right to say, like the old soldier to his ignorant comrade, "Yes, I was afraid; and if you were half as much afraid, you would run away." Perhaps it is just as well that people go through this stage before discovering how very little there is to be afraid of. In any case, I will say little more of that example here, having a feeling that absolution, like death and marriage, is a thing that a man ought to find out for himself. It will be enough to say that this is perhaps the supreme example of the fact that the Faith is a paradox that measures more within than without. If that be true of the smallest church, it is truer still of the yet smaller confessional-box, that is like a church within a church. It is almost a good thing that nobody outside should know what gigantic generosity, and even geniality, can be locked up in a box, as the legendary casket held

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heart of the giant. It is a satisfaction, and almost a joke, that it is only in a dark corner and a cramped space that any man can discover that mountain of magnanimity.

It is the same with all the other points of attack, especially the old ones; the man who has come so far as that along the road has long left behind him the notion that the priest will force him to abandon his will. But he is not unreasonably dismayed at the extent to which he may have to use his will. He is not frightened because, after taking this drug, he will be henceforward irresponsible. But he is very much frightened because he will be responsible. He will have somebody to be responsible to and he will know what he is responsible for; two uncomfortable conditions which his more fortunate fellow-creatures have nowadays entirely escaped. There are, of course, many other examples of the same principle: that there is, indeed, an interval of acute doubt, which is, strictly speaking, fear rather than doubt, since in some cases at least (as I shall point out elsewhere) there is actually least doubt when there is most fear.

But anyhow, the doubts are hardly ever of the sort suggested by ordinary anti-Catholic propaganda; and it is surely time that such propagandists brought themselves more in touch with the real problem. The Catholic is scarcely ever frightened of the Protestant picture of Catholicism; but he is sometimes frightened of the Catholic picture of Catholicism; which may be a good reason for not disproportionately stressing the difficult or puzzling parts of the scheme. For the convert's sake, it should also be remembered that one foolish word from inside does more harm than a hundred thousand foolish words from outside. The latter he has already learned to expect, like a blind hail or rain beating upon the Ark; but the voices from within, even the most casual and accidental, he is already prepared to regard as holy or more than human; and though this is unfair to people who only profess to be human beings, it is a fact that Catholics ought to remember. There is many a convert who has reached a stage at which no word from any Protestant or pagan could any longer hold him back. Only the word of a Catholic can keep him from Catholicism.

It is quite false, in my experience, to say that Jesuits, or any other Roman priests, pester and persecute people in order to proselytize. Nobody has any notion of what the whole story is about, who does not know that, through those long and dark and indecisive days, it is the man who persecutes himself. The apparent inaction of the priest may be something like the statuesque stillness of the angler; and such an attitude is not unnatural in the functions of a fisher of men. But it is very seldom impatient or premature and the person acted upon is quite lonely enough to realize that it is nothing merely external that is tugging at his liberty. The laity are probably less wise; for in most communions the ecclesiastical layman is more ecclesiastical than is good for his health, and certainly much more ecclesiastical than the ecclesiastics. My experience is that the amateur is generally much angrier than the professional; and if he expresses his irritation at the slow process of conversion, or the inconsistencies of the intermediate condition, he may do a great deal of harm of the kind that he least intends to do. I know in my own case that I always experienced a slight setback whenever some irresponsible individual interposed to urge me on. It is worth while, for practical reasons, to testify to such experience, because it may guide the convert when he in his turn begins converting. Our enemies no longer really know how to attack the Faith; but that is no reason why we should not know how to defend it.

Yet even that one trivial or incidental caution carries with it a reminder of what has been already noted: I mean the fact that whatever be the Catholic's worries, they are the very contrary of the Protestant's warnings. Merely as a matter of personal experience, I have been led to note here that it is not generally the priest, but much more often the layman, who rather too ostentatiously compasses sea and land to make one proselyte. All the creepy and uncanny whispers about the horror of having the priest in the home, as if he were a sort of vampire or a monster intrinsically different from mankind, vanishes with the smallest experience of the militant layman. The priest does his job, but it is much more his secular coreligionist who is disposed to explain it and talk about it. I do not object to laymen proselytizing; for I never could see, even when I was practically a pagan, why a man should not urge his own opinions if he liked, and that opinion as much as any other. I am not likely to complain of the evangelizing energy of Mr. Hilaire Belloc or Mr. Eric Gill; if only because I owe to it the most intelligent talks of my youth. But it is that sort of man who proselytizes in that sort of way; and the conventional caricature is wrong again when it always represents him in a cassock. Catholicism is not spread by any particular professional tricks or tones or secret signs or ceremonies. Catholicism is spread by Catholics; but not certainly, in private life at least, merely by Catholic priests. I merely give this here out of a hundred examples, as showing once again that the old traditional version of the terrors of Popery was almost always wrong, even where it might possibly have been right. A man may say if he likes that Catholicism is the enemy; and he may be stating from his point of view a profound spiritual truth. But if he says that clericalism is the enemy, he is repeating a catchword.

It is impossible to be just to the Catholic Church. The moment men cease to pull against it they feel a tug toward it. The moment they cease to shout it down they begin to listen to it with pleasure. The moment they try to be fair to it they begin to be fond of it. But when that affection has passed a certain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point it begins to take on the tragic and menacing grandeur of a great love affair. The man has exactly the same sense of having committed or compromised himself; of having been in a sense entrapped, even if he is glad to be entrapped. But for a considerable time he is not so much glad as simply terrified. It may be that this real psychological experience has been misunderstood by stupider people and is responsible for all that remains of the legend that Rome is a mere trap. But that legend misses the whole point of the psychology. It is not the Pope who has set the trap, or the priests who have baited it. The whole point of the position is that the trap is simply the truth. The whole point is that the man himself has made his way toward the trap of truth, and not the trap that has run after the man. All steps, except the last step, he has taken eagerly on his own account, out of interest in the truth; and even the last step, or the last stage, only alarms him because it is so very true. If I may refer once more to a personal experience, I may say that I for one was never less troubled by doubts than in the last phase, when I was troubled by fears. Before that final delay I had been detached and ready to regard all sorts of doctrines with an open mind. Since that delay has ended in decision, I have had all sorts of changes in mere mood; and I think I sympathize with doubts and difficulties more than I did before. But I had no doubts or difficulties just before. I had only fears; fears of something that had the finality and simplicity of suicide. But the more I thrust the thing into the back of my mind, the more certain I grew of what Thing it was. And by a paradox that does not frighten me now in the least, it may be that I shall never again have such absolute assurance that the thing is true as I had when I made my last effort to deny it.

THE DEVIL AT NOONDAY

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

THE Ahrimanian sect, we are told, worshipped the devil, but refrained from ever mentioning his unpleasant name. Today we mention his name several times a day, but belief in his personal activities has grown a tenuous affair. At least once a week—and probably oftener—if we are Catholics, we join in the prayer, made when the sacrifice for sin has been consummated, to be delivered "from Satan and other evil spirits, who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls." But when it comes to any definite estimate of his ravages, to any admission that he is still up and doing among us, with activities unabated, and with no more limit set to his power than in the old days when the righteousness of Job was felt as a challenge to his professional vanity, we grow vague and a little self-conscious. The fear of Mr. Mencken and his Americana rises before us. The devil has grown to be as unfashionable as he is unfathomable.

In France things are rather different. There Mr. Mencken (or Monsieur Homais, for the name does not greatly matter) is a familiar figure. The perkiest sparrow or fieldfare of letters makes no excuse for perching on his horizontal arms and picking the straws, one by one, from his bulging chest. It is hard to think of a book published in recent years, certainly of no book written by a new and unknown author, which has received the attention that is being given to M. Georges Bernanos's study of the devil, personal, active, and even corporeal when it suits his purpose—Sous le Soleil de Satan.* For some four or five months it has been hard to take up any of the more serious reviews without finding some reference to M. Bernanos's powerful and hair-raising novel. The list of appreciations is one to make the mouth of the ambitious native publisher, who is often driven to strange places to gather in his harvest of praise, water with envy.

M. Léon Daudet, in hailing it as a landmark in French literature, declares that he is only uttering today what will be a commonplace tomorrow. For Frederic Lefèvre, of La Vie Littéraire, one of the pontiffs of French criticism on whom the mantle of Sainte-Beuve or Lemaitre seems most obviously to have descended, its possession and appreciation is almost a matter of conscience: "It should be on the bookshelves of every upright man." M. Calvet, of La Vie Catholique, precedes his estimate, not always favorable, of it from the religious and orthodox point of view with the picturesque and final expression: "It takes the reader by the throat." Public support, as only too rarely happens, is solidly behind critical approval, if it did not even precede it. At every library in France it is reported as the "quickest moving" novel in years. Its movement has had the predestined tempo of an arithmetical progression. The copy in the writer's hands, printed weeks or even months ago, is marked the twentieth thousand.

Those who follow French literature, even cursorily, are probably by now in possession of the bare outline of Sous le Soleil de Satan, indeed it is hard to see how they could escape it. Its protagonist is a humble and unlettered country priest, immune to the commoner and baser forms of temptation which at least give the ordinary man or woman a solid foot-

Sous le Soleil de Satan, by Georges Bernanos. Paris: Librairie Plon, Plon-Nourrit and Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing in their spiritual warfare, and who, in God's unsearchable providence, becomes the victim (using the word in all respect and reverence) of a calling to sainthood. Antonio Fogazzaro, in Il Santo, had already endeavored to make personal sanctity the theme of a novel. But it is only necessary to compare Piero Maroni with the Abbé Donissan for a moment to realize the vital difference between the Italian master's facile borrowings from the supernatural and the terrible task that the French writer has chosen to set himself. No outstanding crisis marks the conversion of Piero. His spiritual progress is studied, not in the light of any religious conviction, but according to the rigid Lombrosian formula happily outgrown. He is certified by his creator as a neurasthenic, open to all the vertigos of the senses, a fit subject for William James's Varieties, but far too transient and unsubstantial a mouthpiece for the eternal verities. Not for the first or second time, the disesteem of the thoughtful world has followed on Rome's condemnation of a book which it is hard to believe was once a storm-centre of discussion.

In contrast to Maroni, everything about Donissan is rough-hewn, uncouth, near the earth. The despairing vicar on whom he is thrust as curate, but who will be the first to discover the hand of God in his ordeal, describes him:

> A big hobbledehoy with broad shoulders, so well-meaning that you gnash your teeth, all the more so because he is devastatingly discreet: who tries to hide his red hands in his cuffs, to set his hob-nailed shoes down carefully, to keep a voice low that was meant to drive cows and horses. . . . Education? Not a shred. Just enough knowledge of Latin to read his breviary passably. It is true he says Mass devoutly, but so slowly and so clumsily that merely to watch him makes me break out into a perspiration . . . He plods the roads all day like a tramp, lends a hand to the plowmen, and cherishes the illusion that he is teaching them a few words less offensive to the Divine Majesty than those they use ordinarily. He smells of the stable and the most devout notice it.

What particular qualities in this unlettered country priest mark him out for spiritual experiences such that to the very end of his life his salvation, not to say his reason, is doomed to tremble in the balance, and for a dereliction so absolute and unredeemed by the more familiar forms of consolation, that his belief in God's goodness has to fight for its life at every moment of his sacred ministry? One is an overwhelming sense of pity. In later years, when Donissan's fame as "the Saint of Lumbres" is nation-wide, and sinners from all over France resort to his confessional as to some specialist in penitence, the question will be asked him: "What do you see? What sign is given you?" And he, like a child repeating a lesson, will only be able to answer: "I pity them. I pity them."

The second is an exacerbated sense of the evil principle in the world, and of its control by one supernatural being—infinitely clever, infinitely resourceful, infinitely skilled in disguises and deceptions, and only just not omnipotent. To Donissan there is no mystery in evil. Forewarned even before his frightful encounter with Satan in person, by an instinct which he dimly senses in the prelude to a complete revelation, all doubt vanishes after he has encountered the enemy of souls in human shape, has fought against despair as though for his life, and is left with a vision of the true nature of the being he is enlisted to fight that will shadow his ministry to the end. At the peak of his terrible novel, M. Bernanos must be quoted. It is the moment when poor Abbé Donissan, lost upon a country road at midnight, succored by a little horse-dealer through whose human travesty little by little (and with what incomparable art!) the diabolical essence has pierced, finds himself looking "for the first time" into his companion's eyes.

> A moan broke from him. . . . A man who has lost all equilibrium, who is clinging with clenched hands to the extreme point of a yard, and who sees beneath his feet, no longer the sea, but the entire sidereal abyss, through which for billions on billions of leagues, misshapen clouds boil and foam, whose eyes reach down—down through the measureless void which his eternal fall in a few moments must plumb, would not experience within the recesses of his being, a more absolute vertigo. His heart beat more and more furiously against his ribs, and appeared to stop. A nausea gripped his entrails. His fingers, which seemed to be the only things alive in a body turned to stone by sheer horror, tore at the ground in a despairing and mechanical movement, like the claws of a beast. The sweat trickled between his shoulders. As though uprooted and dragged from life by the overpowering magnet of annihilation, he saw himself lost, and this time forever. Yet, at that very instant, his supreme thought was an obscure defiance. . . .
>
> "I am about to quit you [it is the tempter covering his defeat with blasphemy in which the unfortunate priest realizes there is only too much truth]. You will never see me again. I am never seen but once in a lifetime. Abide in your sullen stupidity. Ah! if you knew what wages your Master reserves for you, you would not be so generous. Because, we only—we, we I say again!—refuse to be His dupes . . . , and, between His love and His hate, have chosen, with a sagacity incomprehensible to your brain of mud—His hate . . . But why do I seek to enlighten you, groveling dog that you are, submissive beast, slave that creates your Master day after day?" . . .
>
> Stooping with singular agility, he picked up a stone from the road, lifted it toward heaven between his fingers, and pronounced the words of consecration, ending them with a sort of joyous neigh . . . It all happened with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. The echo of his laugh seemed to resound along the rim of the horizon. The stone reddened, grew white hot, and burst into a flare of furious light. Laughing, he flung it from him into the mud, where it steamed a moment with a terrifying hiss, and was quenched.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the awful revelation that has been thrust upon him by an inscrutable Providence, Donissan stumbles along the Calvary that will reach to the end of his mortal days. There are times when the contrast between his humility and the spiritual power with which he is invested, his self-mistrust and the task laid upon his shoulders, becomes almost unbearably poignant.

It is made all the more so because Bernanos's great novel is really one episode of apparent defeat after another. The man with whom toward the end of whose life the very genius of consolation takes up its abode, mistrusts its approaches toward himself and, because he has once felt it in Satan's arms, seeks to tear it from his own heart. "This joy must be uprooted . . . The motions of grace have not this sensual attraction." The doctor of souls to whom such spiritual power is given that none have been known to resist it successfully, is fully, fatally conscious that, every time he exerts it, another potentate, occult, malignant, to whom no ruse nor artifice is unknown, able at need to turn stones to bread and rods to serpents, will feel his power challenged, will rise to the occasion, and come, bearing in his hand his own sacrament of damnation. All the enigmatic parables that have dropped from the Master's mouth—the kingdom of heaven won by violence—the house, swept and garnished that attracts seven viler spirits, the swine, devil-free, that ran down the Gadarene slope, the Word that can slay as well as save, are focused in the tragic conviction of this obscure priest that salvation is something stark and sheer and dangerous, and that Satan's crowning piece of craft is to make it seem otherwise.

> "Oh! my child [it is M. Menou-Segrais speaking, the old vicar who alone understands the vocation to which his curate has been called] only simpletons close their eyes to these things. There are priests today who hardly dare to name the devil. What do they make of the inner life? A drab battle-ground of instincts. What of morality? A hygiene for the senses. Of grace?—reason with intelligence as its partner. Of temptation?—a carnal appetite that seeks to tread it down. The commonest episodes of the struggle that rages within us are hardly taken into account. What use do we make of the experience concerning the life of the soul that centuries have accumulated for us? To what end is the example of so many wretched sinners and their predicament left us? Oh! my son. Never forget this. Evil, as well as good, is loved for itself—served for itself."

Has M. Bernanos written a "good novel"? He has certainly written an arousing and disquieting one. To one writer, still very much under its spell, it seems that Catholic judgment generally must depend on the view that is taken of his intention. The ominous word Manichaean has already been heard. The comment that Donissan's soul is viewed by his creator under a double possession, by God and by the devil, was inevitable, though the same writer humbly believes it arises from a misconception. Throughout the novel we are treading on perilous theological ground, and it is possible that here and there a lay writer has overstepped. But even a layman may recognize that an enemy who is shown fighting to keep his footing can hardly be said to be in "possession" of contested ground. Neither does the suicide of Mouchette, the poor sinner really possessed by Satan, who asks with her last breath to be carried to the foot of the altar, nor the miracle that fails just as it seems on the point of succeeding, present the difficulties to him that some pious critics are making them, unless one must set a time limit to God's unfathomable mercies, or ration out the trials He permits the elect of His Cross.

At least one can very well understand the obsession that led this young writer, in whom at times the lucid and disillusioned soul of the new France seems to be incarnate, toward a conviction that some malign power, immeasurably greater than the aggregate of its works and pomps, is busy on the earth today as ever. One can imagine him, watching the confusions and basenesses of an unchastened world sink here and there into abysses of wickedness that human nature, however fallen, cannot explain, determined to identify the "fons et origo mali" afresh, this time in language that the modern world will understand, to drag him from behind the smoke-screen of his own exhalations, and to present him to us through the eyes of one stricken and upright soul, secure, by its very simplicity, from any chance of deception.

If we cannot, M. Bernanos is willing to help us. In an interview given to M. Frederic Lefèvre for Les Novelles Littéraires, he has summarized the intention that lies behind Sous le Soleil de Satan: "If I have forced the reader to descend to the depths of his own conscience, if I have shown him, by ultimate evidence, that human weakness is not a final explanation, that it is maintained—exploited by some dark and ferocious genius, what is left him, save to throw himself on his knees, if not through love, at least through fear, and call on God for help?"

Hemlocks

My country is beyond the song,
The busy song of cities, where
Wealth and companionship belong,
And silence is the sov'reign there.

Wide silence, and the sobbing sigh
Of hemlock trees above the sea,
As far, unheeding ships pass by—
Silence and loneliness for me!

Is there no conquering dream that frees,
Is there no saving hand to wrest
Me from those tyrant hemlock trees,
So strangely rooted in my breast?

JOHN HANLON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SOCIETY FOR SCIENCE

By H. DOPP

ON APRIL 13 of the present year, the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles solemnized the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Those who gathered for the occasion, in the great hall of the Belgian Academies, might well see how the past of the société has been a proof of the motto it adopted from a decree of the Vatican Council: "There can never be any real contradiction between reason and faith."

His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, presided over the gathering which was attended by the Papal Nuncio and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, by officials of the state, and by delegates representing universities in America and most of the countries of Europe. The throng was, of course, not composed only of Catholics. Expressions of felicitation came from men of the highest importance in academic circles not affiliated with the Church, and may be said to have been formulated in these remarks by Professor d'Ocagne, who represented both the Mathematical Society of France and the Paris Polytechnic:

> Much has been accomplished, much continues to be accomplished, through the Société Scientifique. Its Annals, well known among the learned of all countries, attest its successful effort. Furthermore, what is done here is undertaken by men who labor in the spirit of science, unhampered by preoccupations of another order, although they are affiliated, in a different fashion, by the bond of a common spiritual ideal. And it is because of the genuine and strictly scientific character of the researches carried out under the auspices of the société that so many learned bodies have affirmed their solidarity with it, even though in so doing they have not expressed collective adhesion to the conceptions which (however laudable they may nevertheless consider them) cement the inner structure of the organization.

Catholics familiar with the work undertaken by the société will not be surprised at the tenor of these words. Those outside the Church will understand them better if they scrutinize the list of eminent scientists who have been or are associated with the work undertaken—scientists like the astronomers Father Perry and Father Secchi: mathematicians like Charles de la Valée Poussin and Torres y Quevedo; physicists such as M. Branly and the Duc de Broglie; and entomologists like Father Wasmann and J. H. Fabre. In fact, all the branches of scientific study are represented by men of the first rank in their chosen fields. It was good news to learn that thirty-eight titulars of the Paris Academy of Sciences—not to mention many corresponding fellows—are on the lists of the société as active members. Twenty-one—nearly one-quarter of the membership in the Academy—are still living. Moreover, the acting president, Dr. Pierre Termier—who delivered a magisterial address on What We are to Think About the Earth, an address in which poetry, eloquence and science were mingled and which rendered praise to Him who created the earth as a dwelling-place for man—is an eminent geologist and member of the Institute de France.

The solemn Mass of thanksgiving for the blessings of half a century, celebrated in the venerable college church of Saint Gudule, was sufficient proof—were any needed—of the genuinely Catholic character of the Société Scientifique. Working in the spirit of its motto, in love to truth as that is attainable through the study of nature, it does not fear that discoveries will conflict with faith. Therefore the Te Deum intoned at the close of the Mass was hardly more an act of worship than is the truly scientific character of the work accomplished by the société. A noteworthy memorial volume will be issued as a record of the jubilee proceedings. In addition to a lengthy summary of the program, there will appear a series of thirty-six memoirs written for the occasion by distinguished contributors. These are all original studies in the varied branches of science, and represent excellently, when taken together, the physiognomy of the société. Written on the most diverse themes by authors residing in various countries where French is spoken, these monographs are nevertheless unified by a far more important principle than juxtaposition in a book. They are all inspired by the same love of knowledge, the same sense of fidelity to religious truth, even as the members of the société share in common a desire to help one another both in the advancement of science and in the furthering of the Church.

The société came into being in 1875, as the result of a movement which stirred various intellectual centres of Catholic Belgium to protest against the assumptions of materialistic positivism. It happened that several young students of agricultural science—among them was M. Proost, at that time professor in Louvain University and destined to render important services to the remarkable development of agriculture in Belgium, which he now serves as Director General of the Ministry of Agriculture—met in the scientific laboratories of Paris a number of famous professors who flaunted their unbelief. These young men, aroused by attacks upon the Church in the name of what professed to be "true and free science unshackled and unprejudiced," resisted as best they could and soon decided that it was necessary to recruit a body of Catholic scientists. The only way to accomplish this seemed to stir up among young people the desire to study nature and to profess scientific idealism.

About the same time, a group of students at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University of Ghent organized for the purpose of training themselves in public speaking. One of their methods consisted in giving scientific lectures to their school-fellows. The club itself was called Cercle Leibnitz in honor of a great Christian thinker who seemed to symbolize devotion to both science and Christian thought. Among the leaders of the club were several men who have since become very famous as engineers and mathematicians. The idea sponsored by the cercle seemed so important to them that after leaving college they formed branches of it in the various cities where they resided. Later the name was changed to the Cercle Cauchy in honor of a famous Belgian mathematician.

Professors at Louvain University were thoughtfully weighing a similar idea. Dr. Gilbert, since become famous for his work in analysis and mechanics, frequented the Cercle Cauchy. He and a number of his confères discussed the problem often with Father I. Carbonnelle, who had edited a paper in India, had contributed to the Paris Études for years, and had then undertaken the direction of the Cercle Cauchy of Brussels. For their part, the Louvain professors were especially anxious to promote original research in science.

Gradually these different movements led to the desire to form one large and important association for the advancement of science among Catholics. On June 17, 1875, a first plan was drawn up in the rooms of the Société Centrale d'Agriculture. The adherence of many at the Belgian universities and academies was soon assured; the Society of Jesus, the regular clergy, the nobility and several prominent citizens also took an interest in the project. A publicity tour through France succeeded in guaranteeing the coöperation of many fellows of the Academie des Sciences and professors in recently erected Catholic universities. The great mathematician Charles Hermite subscribed as a founder. Scientists like Barrande of Prague, Father Secchi, S.J., of Rome, and Father Perry of Stonyhurst sent in their adhesions. In November of the same year, an inaugural meeting was held in Brussels. It was supposed that 250 members would assure a successful beginning to the enterprise; but Father Carbonnelle, acting as first general secretary, announced that 453 pledges had been received. He expressed the hope that the movement would not be limited to Belgium. "The société will exclude the notion of geographical boundaries," he said, "and therefore it prefers to use the name of the city where it will meet to the name of the country where it was born."

A practical program of action was soon determined upon. The société is divided into six sections, each of which studies affiliated sciences. A council of twenty elected members assumes the general direction. This council annually names the president, who is alternatively a Belgian and a citizen of some other country. Three meetings are held yearly, after each of which the papers read and approved in the several sections are published in the Annals. The lectures delivered in the public assemblies, which generally attempt dignified scientific vulgarization, are usually reprinted in the Revue des Questions Scientifiques. The Annals now number forty-six volumes, the war having interrupted the work from 1914 to 1919. They form the société's original contribution to scientific research and contain many papers of outstanding value, particularly in physics, mechanics, mathematics and geology. Certain particularly valuable papers are published separately: for example, a memoir on mechanics by Dr. Gilbert and a number of monographs prepared by the section of economics.

Early in its career the société instituted scientific competitions and subsidies for research. This was due to the initiative taken by Dr. L. Henry, the well-known Louvain chemist. During the years prior to the war, the medal of the société was awarded thirteen times as a prize for work of signal merit, the last recipient being F. Wulf, S.J., who had invented a well-known, precious bifiliar electrometre. Unfortunately, financial difficulties subsequent to the war made it necessary to discontinue this form of encouragement to scientific endeavor. A fund is badly needed, which we hope Divine Providence will provide.

The Revue des Questions Scientifiques is a quarterly devoted to scientific vulgarization and, considering its value, deserves a wider distribution. Begun in 1877, it has now reached its ninetieth volume and is an imposing collection of papers treating interesting questions accurately and yet in such a way that they can be followed by the uninitiated reader. Special attention is paid to matters bearing upon the relation between science and philosophy, science and faith, and to methods of research.

It seems almost unnecessary to add that the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles serves an ideal. The highest authorities in the Church have approved and encouraged it. Pius IX and all the succeeding Pontiffs have blessed and encouraged it. We may even say that when the death of Father Carbonnelle, who had been the soul of the organization as its general secretary, seemed to endanger the work in 1889, Pope Leo XIII, by intervening personally and expressing his deep interest, helped to reconstitute the direction of the société. And so the continued existence of the undertaking may be attributed to the paternal interest of the Holy Father himself.

October Stars

Dark-robed,
Like penitent
Before Our Lady's feet,
Night humbly holds her rosary
Of stars.

REGINA WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PARABLE OF ROMANCE

By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN

ROMANCE is always inward and always young; it depends less on the call than on the response. This mere city foot-bridge over the midst of river traffic is all adventure to the child in the red dress. Her father, after his day at the office, is lifted a bit above himself by boats, even by oil barges and black trawlers. The tidy mother divines in them another romance; for the family on the deck just beneath us, relaxing at supper, is as proudly immune to our observation as if it had, indeed, a world of its own.

None of these people has marked a pair of ducks winging high in the pale blue. But the questing birds hold the eyes of another. Leaning on his bicycle, he gazes till his nostrils quiver. His little pack contains his shoes and not much else. Whatever the miles of his wheel, he is ranging far. He is sixteen years old. At that age, I looked like him. Did not you? Our desire to gaze still as he gazes is not an echo; it is an answer.

The resolve to keep one's mind open to romance is the secret defense against materialism. Materialists repeat the shallow jest that romance is outworn. They said so in the thirteenth century, which we now call the age of romance; they said so, of course, just before Scott and Shelley; and they said so when those who had been cool to George Eliot were ready to run after Stevenson. The materialist, repeating the old sarcasms of the fabliaux, means in his heart that he wishes romance were dead in all men since it has died in him. But whether of anger or of anguish, the sceptical protest against romance never quite freezes the sap in those whose hearts are green. That romance is immortal is the faith of immortal youth. Driven for awhile to doubt that it is here, the faithful still believe that it is there or was then. Disillusionment toward O. Henry or the films may but open the mind to older and deeper spells.

"Once upon a time"—chill seasons of doubt must not numb our sense of the past as alive for the future. The paradox that romance is at once of the past and of youth should remind us that youth at any age seeks in history not facts, but truth; that analysis of documents is a means, not an end. You may riddle the legend of King Arthur or William Tell, and analyze Lafayette into prose, without forcing youth to abjure knighthood and freedom. Romance is the past transfigured by the present for the future; it is yesterday read for the hope of tomorrow. The transfiguration and the hope outlast the moonshine of adolescence.

A vaudeville singer was stranded in a country town. Sick in body, still more in soul, he wandered from the mean hotel and his mean little troupe through the snow to a monastery. The singing of men within stirred in him something old, overlaid, starved, forgotten, but not quite dead. In a sudden resolve, made of hunger more than of appetite, he knocked; and the guest-master asked few questions. He was fed, tended, soothed, but not long satisfied. What should he do in brown sackcloth and the lights of worship and study after being disillusioned with tinsel and glare? But the miracle was that he wished to do. Far from hankering for the stale old applause, he was deeply moved toward worship. The door was open, and the road. A better vaudeville circuit offered a better job. Still he stayed. The romance that possessed him must find some utterance of his own. He was not bored by the new hours; he did not grudge his share of sweeping; but he could not study nor paint, nor even help with the accounts and the business letters, much less with the books.

Hearing strange sounds in the chapel one night after hours, they found him rendering popular dance-songs with admirable modulation and precision before their most treasured statue. To their horrified faces he burst out: "I had to do something; and she likes it." "Indeed," said the Superior, suddenly illuminated, "the Blessed Mother accepts your singing." So he was made choirmaster, and found in the offices his poetry.

That is the other half of romance. The story was told first in the twelfth century. It has been told so often since that there can be no doubt of its truth. Whether fact or not, it is true, not only to its own old day, but to that perennial aspiration which will achieve poetry. It is a parable of romance.

Mimnermos of Colophon

Τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης;
τεθναίην, ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι,
κρυπταδίη φιλότης καὶ μείλιχα δῶρα καὶ εὐνή·
οἵ' ἥβης ἄνθεα γίγνεται ἁρπαλέα
ἀνδράσιν ἠδὲ γυναιξίν· ἐπεὶ δ' ὀδυνηρὸν ἐπέλθηι
γῆρας, ὅ τ' αἰσχρὸν ὁμῶς καὶ καλὸν ἄνδρα τιθεῖ,
αἰεί μιν φρένας ἀμφὶ κακαὶ τείρουσι μέριμναι,
οὐδ' αὐγὰς προσορῶν τέρπεται ἠελίου,
ἀλλ' ἐχθρὸς μὲν παισίν, ἀτίμαστος δὲ γυναιξίν·
οὕτως ἀργαλέον γῆρας ἔθηκε θεός.

What living, what delectation, without Aphrodite the golden?
then may I die when remain mine no longer these limbs,
love clandestine no more, and gifts honey-sweet, and the love-couch;
such soft flowers of youth, such as are deeply desired
ever by men and by women; but when pain-bearing senescence
comes, which falls on each man, shameful and noble alike,
always do evil anxieties bruise him in mind and molest him,
nor, the bright rays of the sun seeing, is he delighted,
but among boys is a foe, dishonored and scorned among women:
thus has the god composed man's harsh cruel old age.

Ἠέλιος μὲν γὰρ πόνον ἔλλαχεν ἤματα πάντα,
οὐδὲ κοτ' ἄμπαυσις γίγνεται οὐδεμία
ἵπποισίν τε καὶ αὐτῶι, ἐπεὶ ροδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς
Ὠκεανὸν προλιποῦσ' οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβῆι·
τὸν μὲν γὰρ διὰ κῦμα φέρει πολυήρατος εὐνή
κοιλὴ Ἡφαίστου χερσὶν ἐληλαμένη
χρυσοῦ τιμήεντος, ὑπόπτερος, ἄκρον ἐφ' ὕδωρ
εὐδονθ' ἁρπαλέως χώρου ἀφ' Ἑσπερίδων
γαῖαν ἐς Αἰθιόπων, ἵνα δὴ θοὸν ἅρμα καὶ ἵπποι
ἑστᾶσ', ὄφρ' Ἠὼς ἠριγένεια μόλῃι.
ἔνθ' ἐπεβή(σεθ' ἑ)ῶν ὀχέων Ὑπερίονος υἱος.

Ëëlios is allotted all days an abundance of toiling,
nor is there ever surcease, or for himself or his steeds,
after the rose-fingered Eos, deserting the sea-enclosed chamber,
leaving Okeanos there, high unto heaven ascends;
for he is borne through the billows, asleep on his longed-after love-couch,
like to a vessel in form, wrought by Hephaistos's hands,
winged underneath, and resplendent with gilding, across the deep waters
rapidly thence from the land Hesperidian is borne
unto the Aithiopes, where his eager car and his horses
stand until she sets forth, Eos, the usher of morn.
then does the son of Hüperion swiftly ascend to his chariots.

TRANSLATION OF JOHN SHERRY MANGAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

INTERNATIONAL ILLUSION

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The leading article in The Commonweal of August 11, entitled International Illusion, departs somewhat from the customary urbanity of your journal. Ascribing motives of fear or anger to those who happen to hold opposite opinions on national or international policies does not tend to convince them of their error.

The political philosophy of Washington, Jefferson, and others is still preferred by many to that of the prophet of internationalism. Millions of President Wilson's own party, from Maine to California, who never even heard of "middle-west anger" voted against Mr. Cox; a study of the election returns will be revealing.

The will of the people so emphatically expressed by ballot in the "solemn referendum" of 1920 is a stronger mandate now to their agents in government than the persistent, incessant effort to drown that verdict in printer's ink. Government by ballot must be maintained and the verdict of the people respected, or the republic dies. Government by clamor, masquerading as "public opinion," is a purchasable commodity, but it is not qualified to cast a vote.

Obviously, a correspondent must be restricted to a small space; it will therefore only be possible to skim the waves of the sea of international politics, leaving the reader to guess what is in the deeps.

In addition to illusions admittedly "faded out of consciousness," there are illusions which lag superfluous, unidentified even by the keen eyes of The Commonweal staff.

If memory serves aright, the cancellation campaign originated in a book of one Mr. Keynes, British financial expert; it was further advanced by a clause in the Anglo-French agreement, putting it up to France to get better terms if she could from Uncle Sam: if successful, England would then meet our terms, and it reached its height when this country became "Uncle Shylock" in the mouth of a British Minister, and in cartoons in the English press.

The illusion lags, however, that France is the storm-centre of "continental amazement and anger." France asks two things—not charity, not cancellation; but she asks, in view of her devastated homes and industries, first, extension; and second, suspension; extension to meet her capacity to pay us, and at the same time rehabilitate herself, and suspension in the event of a possible cessation of German reparations payments.

It is quite conceivable that the cancellation of all war debts by everybody might prove of economic value to the United States, but it cannot be done "correctly" by winking the other eye; a legal, constitutional method must be discovered.

It is also an illusion, is it not, that "the redemption of France . . . was unequivocally a movement for the continuance of civilization"? Surely Christian civilization could not depend upon the brood of atheistic politicians who have misgoverned France for the past half century, robbing churches, expelling religious, banishing crucifixes, "putting out the lights of heaven." And this in France, not Mexico.

Many a woman has married a man under the illusion that she could reform him, for love is blind, but who ever heard of a man going into partnership with swindlers in order to make them honest? It is good advice for either man or nation to avoid bad company. The United States has too many grave faults of her own to encourage the belief that in bad company she would be able to withstand temptation.

Evidence is lacking that the nations of the world are becoming regenerated. Do the nations of Europe desire peace? If so, their acts ill accord with their professions. Do they desire justice? Restitution is the furthest thought from their minds. Greed is their predominant passion.

The entire scheme of the League of Nations and the World Court is an illusion; an attempt to foist upon the world "something else just as good" instead of what the prescription calls for, viz., "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice."

The most laudable ambition of a nation is therefore, not to become a citizen of the world (the flesh and the devil) but to become a citizen of the kingdom of God, to seek justice, to follow after the Prince of Peace. If men spurn Him in council, how shall they call upon Him in distress?

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—One of your correspondents has asked in your columns if I have any definite suggestions with regard to the attitude of American Catholics toward the Mexican situation.

I might confine my reply to a suggestion that the Holy Father's utterances are very pertinent to the subject, that they are worthy of consideration and that, in considering them, place should be given to intelligent understanding rather than to an overgenerous temper. That, however, to your correspondent's apparent frame of mind, would hardly prove to be helpful.

Certainly, I have had definite suggestions in mind for years past, arising out of personal knowledge of Catholic conditions in many countries, to go no further, for the present, than Mexico and Guatemala.

Some of those suggestions, relating to possible, and as I thought, very desirable activities on the part of the Knights of Columbus, were formulated and presented by me to my own council, and upon their recommendation, to the supreme council, long before Mexican conditions became acute; before there was any public knowledge of a Mexican question involving Catholics.

Since that time, those same suggestions have been offered for consideration to a prominent member of the hierarchy although recent occurrences have made certain of the proposals that I made therein a bit more difficult of accomplishment.

I do think that there is nothing gained by temper. I also think that many of us have been carried away by a generous urge to come to the aid of Mexican Catholics, and that we have been more impulsive than judicious. I was on solid ground when I warned against attempts to force the hand of the administration, or to inject Mexico's religious crisis into our own domestic politics. I believe that since the first ebullition we are really formulating a sane public opinion and I believe firmly that the pastoral letter promised us by the hierarchy on the subject will be quite complete.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

To a Haunted House

Now the Potomac tide languidly seems to float
Like a limp, silver veil twined at earth's olive throat;
And the first city-lights, under the flaming west
Glint like a jeweled brooch caught at her tawny breast.

Hark to that cattle-call, far the old road along,
(Like some old melody lilted at evensong)
Answered, from faraway fields beyond Accotink,
By a faint cow-bell's low, liquid, metallic clink—

Come! Take the road again, tread its familiar span
Through the remembered fields, fragrant, Virginian.
Into Virginia . . . ! What though old scenes again
Waken old memories, waken old dreams again?

Here is the house, o'er whose gardens of yesteryear
(Haunted by more than the ghost of the cavalier—
Haunted by wistful, dead dreams!) the fast lowering night
Gathers and falls, as a curtain in candlelight

Drapes and unfolds . . . . It is time to be getting on;
Poor little dreams! . . . The last light, over Ettington,
Gleams like a lamp—see, it flickers, and falters
And fades, and dies out, like a desolate altar's.

R. M. Patterson, Jr.

All Hallows' Eve

Not in the rags of terror do they caper,
The dead, the blessed spirits whom God chose,
Who ask a prayer or sacramental taper,
That they may have repose.

Sweetly and softly come they when the deeper
Hours of night have sealed the placid land.
Carefully they tread, nor wake the sleeper
Besides whose couch they stand.

Over their lovéd ones a brief delaying,
A furtive kiss, a sigh, and they are gone,
To seek the realm appointed for their staying,
Affrighted by the dawn.

Daniel J. McKenna.

Only This Counsel

Save your wisdom, since your friend
In love and hunger, thought and pain,
Will too easily attain
Wisdom himself, and at the end,
When his heart and hands and eyes
Are very tired, he will need
A comrade who is wise indeed,
To comfort him for being wise!

Marie de L. Welch.

Rain Song

To the tune of the rain song, the night song,
God gives comfort to lonely hearts;
Being a kind God, being a fair God,
Being architect divine and engineer
Who can bridge miles and leagues,
Even girdling the seas with whispers,
Joining those who know the miracle
By a silence, a thought . . .

Because God, being God,
Being the answerer of prayers and hearer of songs,
Plays havoc with love's heresies
With his pocketfuls of tricks.
He hears souls praying and knows their hunger,
And builds bridges from soul to soul,
Letting them pass and repass
In the night-time, the sleep-time,
Through choiring leaves and wind orchestras
And tremulous viols of the rain.

Recompense beautiful!
For you and me chanting a rain song, a dream song,
God comes in the night-time, the sleep-time,
Enfolding, comforting,
Chanting high courage,
Chanting assurance that never, O never
Shall His children go thirsting forever.

Alfred Battle Bealle.

Cargoes for Marianne

"And if I were a ship," he said,
"And if I were a ship," said he,
"I'd sail beyond the sunset red,
And past the purple sea."

"And if I were a ship, I'd bring
You cargoes all of silk and gold,
And lovely broken hearts of men,
More than your hands could hold."

"For silk and gold and hearts of men
To you belong, to you belong.
And in the hold I'd bring to you
A silver song."

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Cathedral

After the laceration of withholding faces,
After the buffetings of crowded places,
Into the sheltering of incensed walls
Pursued and trembling her aloofness crawls.
Soon fragments of her scattered soul
Collect, grow confidently whole.

Kathryn White Ryan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Maximilian and Juárez

THE opening of the Theatre Guild season has, quite justly, become one of the most important annual theatrical events. It is the largest of the subscription theatres, which is indirect testimony of popular favor in a new type of undertaking. Its many thousands of annual subscribers provide it with a generous budget at the beginning of each season with which it can plan its program of plays long in advance and avoid the slapdash methods of many strictly commercial producers. This year, moreover, there is an added point of interest in the creation of a permanent acting company, which will form the nucleus of all its productions and give the New York public a much coveted opportunity of watching the versatility of certain artists in a wide variety of rôles.

As if to provide for the simultaneous début of its entire repertory company, the Theatre Guild has selected for its initial offering Franz Werfel's massive play based on the tragic and what has often been called the ghastly story of Maximilian of Austria, encouraged by Napoleon III to attempt the formation of a Mexican empire. This attempt was made while the United States was engaged in civil war. The French emperor gave Maximilian the support of French troops, and then, at the moment of crisis, deserted him, leaving him to be shot as a common adventurer by order of Benito Juárez, then the dictator of Mexican liberalism. Werfel has taken this stark episode and, by dint of a searching study of the mind of Maximilian himself, fashioned from it a play brimming with the pathos of heroic futility, the tragedy of mistaken idealism, and the eternal vitality which centers about the mental torture of any man who is called upon to make decisions of high moment against the whole trend of his inner character. After all, it matters little to us whether Hamlet ever existed—or Macbeth. Both men were summoned against their will to make stupendous decisions and to abide by the consequences. In that, and in the universal analogy which their decisions bear to similar problems of our own, lies their importance to us.

Your interest in Werfel's Maximilian does not depend upon your knowledge of Mexican history, nor upon previous interest in his character. He is, primarily, a man of a sufficiently common type to give him universal interest, placed before us dramatically at the periods of his most difficult decisions. The tortured workings of his mind are laid bare to us, and it is from this, and this alone, that the play lays claim to our interest, captures our emotional response, and summons our reserves of pity and of tenderness.

In one sense, Werfel has failed. We do not find here the singleness of problem which makes Hamlet and Macbeth great as plays. We have, rather, a series of one-act plays—of Maximilian facing the decision between liberalism and conservatism, facing the treachery of his French allies, facing the tragedy of his wife's approaching dementia, and, at last, facing the decision between utter abandonment of his project and almost certain death.

There is conflict always, but never the same conflict followed through its different phases. Only in the larger sense—that of individual biography—do we find unity. And of all forms, that unity is the most difficult to present in theatrical terms. Werfel has not quite achieved this objective. If the play holds your attention and sympathy almost to the end, it is because of its succession of great moments. But between those moments, you do not find yourself carried on by dramatic suspense. At several points, you might leave the theatre as comfortably as after the conclusion of any part of the Wagnerian trilogy.

The Theatre Guild's settings for this series of episodes are rarely beautiful and effective. On that score, the production is quite worthy of its material. Of the acting, there is also much to be said—and presently. But in the direction, there is little brilliancy to make up for the one essential defect of the play. One has the sense of listening to a leisurely biographer—and one suspects that the fault is not entirely Werfel's. A brilliant writer can make even the dull moments of history throb. And a brilliant director can do the same with the weaker portions of a play. The pace of Maximilian and Juárez is too slow and measured. It never jumps to attention as the drums of tragedy beat high.

Mr. Alfred Lunt has been given the rôle of Maximilian, and in many respects, it is the finest work I have ever seen him do. If one longs at times for a deeper undercurrent of majesty in this pathetic figure, one soon realizes that Mr. Lunt has given over the obvious chances for theatrical effect in favor of honest characterization. His Maximilian becomes the type of defeated humanity—defeated because self-conquest has not preceded the attempt at outer conquest. It is not fate nor circumstance that crushes Maximilian, but his own unsolved inner conflict, an idealism that soars far beyond his own power to achieve, and therefore falls, like the arrow that has not pierced its mark. In the physical portrayal of this character, Mr. Lunt is very nearly perfect. But his vocal mastery is still inadequate. He has not yet succeeded in making his voice convey the same dramatic notes as his face and body. One is conscious of a nervous strain that defeats itself. But in those moments where Mr. Lunt's voice relaxes, one senses the power that will some day be his, when he has become the complete master of his voice.

Two other portraits stand out vividly in a play abounding in good acting. One is that of Clara Eames as the tragic Empress Carlotta, and the other the Porfirio Díaz of Edward G. Robinson. There is a new depth and tenderness in Miss Eames's portrait of Carlotta, a vibrancy of emotion which slips through quite unclouded by technique or that cerebral quality which has been characteristic of much of her past work. There are several moments when Miss Eames might claim the play as her own for sheer mute tragedy. Mr. Robinson gives so much forthrightness and active power to his Díaz, as a foil to Maximilian's inner sensitiveness, that he quite overshadows the intended power of the unseen Juárez. Mr. Robinson's series of sharply etched portraits is rapidly becoming one of the premier exhibits of the Theatre Guild.

Arnold Daly's clear and decisive attack as Marshal Bazaine is also memorable in these days of sloppy acting, but Mr. Dudley Digges in his portrait of the Archbishop of Mexico is not quite so happy. He has drawn one of those crafty prelates in whom antique British fiction abounded but whose puerile obviousness would in real life inevitably defeat his own ends.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which leads to a remark on Werfel's statement of the Mexican problem of Church and state. It is a statement all black and all white with none of those shadings so important to an understanding of a complex situation.

I do not pretend to have any deep historical knowledge of this particular situation, but I find the following in David Hannay's life of Díaz. At this time, he says, the Church was "maddened by spoliation," and adds that "a swarm of pillagers, fraudulent purchasers, and generals in search of booty settled on the confiscated lands. No part of the produce was devoted to the public good. The victims were sore and angry. The victimizers were thieving, scuffling, intriguing, and lying." In the play, all civic virture is on the side of Díaz's liberals, and all self-seeking treachery on the side of the clericals. I recommend the above passage from Hannay as a supplement to the Theatre Guild program notes.

An American Tragedy

TO start with an honest confession, I have merely glanced through the pages of Theodore Dreiser's two-volume novel on which this play is based. Therefore I am more interested in Patrick Kearney's play as it stands than in discussions of how far it re-creates the characters of the book. The play is, I believe, one that could never stand on its own feet. Its scenes are too broken, its glimpses of events in Clyde Griffith's life too fragmentary, to build up the necessary absorption in the character of this neurotic, befuddled, abused and self-centered young murderer. For he is all of that—from what I have read of the book and gathered from both hearsay and the play—in spite of the vast labor applied to building up sentimental sympathy for him. He is much too complex a character for any except a master dramatist to display in all the essential shades. And Mr. Kearney's method is not yet that of a master, despite the frequent flashes of power that it evidences.

Of course, he faced an unenviable job. If he had thrown the book overboard, except for its theme, and written a well-built play, the Dreiser enthusiasts would have mobbed him. And they, of course, will compose the initial audiences. But by restating the book in stage terms, he has had to risk criticism as a dramatist. There was no middle ground—except, as stated, for a master. The present play is very crude in spots. When it is not depicting Clyde's seduction of Roberta Alden with a crass reality, it grows obstetrical in the doctor's office and lurid in the court-room scene. It is, in brief, photoplay drama.

Morgan Farley, except for an overtenseness at all times, does remarkably well with the material given him. With his work, that of Katherine Wilson as Roberta, stands forth with distinction and feeling power. Few of the other characters live as much more than types, although Miriam Hopkins makes Sondra Finchely unexpectedly sympathetic. Mr. Edward Goodman's direction of this play is swift and intelligent—perhaps the best that could be done with disjointed material. Yet here, too, the hand of genius might have done more. Of the ethical aspects of the play, those who have read the book can judge for themselves. Others will probably find it pretty drastic and bold in its use of material, and will question its ultimate useful purpose. For unless it be taken as a laboratory study in dementia, one can only regard it as misleading sentimentality or as an attempt to negate personal responsibility by a sort of shallow determinism.

BOOKS

The Dreadful Decade: Detailing Some of the Phases of the History of the United States from Reconstruction to Resumption, by Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

IF WRITING history by decades be one of the American reactions to Wells's "Outline," the work of covering the years in their tens moves on apace: we have had The Fabulous 'Forties, The Mauve Decade, and others. Now we have The Dreadful Decade, the "strange" story of the 'seventies, as its jacket-blurb mysteriously whispers, to add, without apologies to Gibbs, that "now at last it can be told." This, however, is buncombe. It could have been told at any time during the past twenty odd years.

"Dreadful" serves as well as any other adjective to sum up the decade in question. It was a crass, ignoble period, a day of barbaric wealth and bad taste, of plush carpets, horrible portières, gaudy wall-paper, offensive gilt and crystal chandeliers, graceless silver, blatant buildings, of brag and bluster. And yet, it was a decade in which lay latent the germ of much that was best in its successors.

The author has told a tale without pointing a moral. His narrative "hits the high spots" of the decade or, to quote the foreword, "chronicles the more unusual . . . political, physical, moral, military, and financial calamities." This plan offers an opportunity of doing full justice to the title, and the flamboyancies of an extravagantly criminal and vulgar epoch are strung on an easily running thread of fluent journalese writing. Perhaps—the drawback to a mode of treatment which underlines the climactic—one somewhat loses touch with one's background; life seems well-nigh altogether a matter of robbery, battle, murder, and sudden death.

All in all, Mr. Seitz's narrative has color and movement; is animated and picturesque. The carpetbaggers and Wall Street gamblers are described. The Black Friday of 1869, the Fiske murder, the Panic of 1873, the "Virginius" affair, the Indian wars and Custer's massacre, the entire Grant administration, in fact, until "the dreadful decade was ended," are passed in review. The author's newspaper instinct has not allowed him to overlook the scandalous. If Fiske is cast for the rôle of the heavy villain in the Gold Corner plot, Jay Gould is not whitewashed; and I feel that the additional vice of hypocrisy makes him the more guilty of the two. The demi-mondaines associated with the political leading men are not forgotten; and an entire chapter—which to many will seem out of proportion—is devoted to the Beecher and Tilton scandal. The story of the Tweed Ring is related with fairness and accuracy, and nowhere can the author be said to have broken faith with his prefatory promise to tell his tale without partisan coloring.

It is worth remembering, however, when reading Mr. Seitz's colorful pages, that most horrors have their mitigations. Thus, the "dreadful decade," actually, is not all a chronicle of crime, scandal, bloodshed, and corruption. And among its rosier rather than more crimson aspects the following might have been touched upon: the advocacy before Congress, by Senator Morrill of Maine, of a plan of international copyright based "upon reasons of general equity," the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, which gave the entire nation a broader economic and industrial outlook and supplied a distinct impetus toward the development of a higher American creative art; the setting aside, in 1872, by Congress as "a public park or pleasure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," the territory known as Yellowstone National Park; and the emergence from obscurity of a number of important figures in American literature and art. Such details have not the journalistically piquant appeal of subjects like Victoria Woodhull and the Naked Truth. At the same time, without taking up much space, they would have made for balance and proportion.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Fidelis of the Cross: James Kent Stone, by Walter George Smith and Helen Grace Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

THERE are persons of a certain temperament, endowed with much religiosity but little religion, who yearn for the middle-ages as a period when religious belief and practice were romantic. A Church marshaled in battle order by the Councils of Trent and the Vatican and molded into the spiritual life of her children by such saints as Ignatius Loyola and Alfonso Liguori seems, to these neo-mediaevalists, to have abandoned her part as the nursing mother of high romance. To such persons the present life of Father Fidelis may be heartily recommended.

A friend of the late Father Fidelis once described him as "the Newman of New England." In the early lives of the two men there was, perhaps, enough similarity to justify the expression, but James Kent Stone's career after his conversion to Catholicism and especially after his entrance into the Congregation of the Passion, is much more suggestive of some of the great apostles in the history of the Catholic Church or of the Jesuit missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In Father Fidelis's life as a Passionist, we find little resemblance to the scholarly retirement of Newman's Oratory at Edgbaston. Rather, it recalls the apostolic career of Saint Vincent Ferrer or the life of the venerable Jesuit Azevedo.

James Kent Stone's boyhood and early life, as revealed in the present volume, gave clear indications of that fineness of character—of a soul bien née—which was so apparent in the beautiful interlude, for it proved to be but that, of his married life and in that later period when a greater Love demanded all his affections and energies. The travel letters written to his parents during his Harvard years are particularly attractive in their combination of a youthful naïveté, unusually mature powers of observation and description, and a keen receptiveness to feelings and impressions beyond that of the average American college youth. A reference to the Alps in a letter to his father is characteristic:

"I need not say that I have enjoyed myself in the mountains. I think that as much pure happiness can be secured among them as from anything else on earth . . . They seem to me to be the holiest as well as the highest things in God's creation, and in the midst of their purity and solemnity one seems very near to Him who is 'higher than the highest of His works.'"

His part in the Civil War and the brief happiness of his married life—his wife died within six years of the marriage—added to the sum of his experience and deepened that knowledge of human nature which was of so great value to him in his later work as preacher, confessor and missionary. His conversion to Catholicism in 1869 bore fruit in his book, The Invitation Heeded. To the growing scepticism of the present day, much of this work would possess but an academic interest, although it contains matter for thought for those who still maintain a precarious footing on the middle ground of religious Protestantism. James Kent Stone solved for himself, not without disquiet and mental suffering, such problems as those of religious persecution, the relation between the Church and Scripture and between Anglicanism and papal authority: like Newman and many others before and since he was forced, step by step, to the conclusion that there could be no middle course between Rome and scepticism.

With his entry into the Passionist novitiate in 1877, at the age of forty, Fidelis of the Cross, as he was henceforth to call himself, found his permanent vocation in the organized religious life of the Catholic Church. The three years immediately following his novitiate were spent in what he himself described as the happy retirement of a Roman cloister, but in 1880 he was recalled to this country and then sent down to the Argentine to minister to the spiritual needs of the Irish Catholics there. It is significant that he, a New England convert of English descent, entering an atmosphere charged with tension and misunderstanding because of Irish fears of being "Italianized" or "Anglicized," should have won the hearts of these Irish exiles and consolidated a work that was threatened by disruption and failure.

A distinctive feature of Father Fidelis's journeyings was the enormous distances traversed by him on the South American continent. The mere catalogue of the names of the countries in which he labored is impressive—Argentine, Brazil, Chile—a tour in Spain, a period of poverty and trial in Cuba, one of spiritual consolation and physical hardship in Texas. Advancing years and the infirmities due to all this labor and stern endurance apparently left his spirit as youthful and full of the thirst for adventure in the cause of Christ as ever. The outbreak of the European war in August, 1914, found him offering his services to his religious superiors for work as an army chaplain. In so intense a spirit of faith did Father Fidelis live that his death in California five years ago seems less than an incident.

The reader who likes to see his hero in his habit as he lived, will be grateful to Father Fidelis's biographers for giving us those little touches which show the great convert and missionary as a very human and lovable personality, and temper the awe inspired by his austerities and his achievements as organizer and founder. The tranquil, steady love for his dead wife and the solicitude for his children contradict the impression of want of affection which a superficial reader, not knowing or admitting his spiritual viewpoint, might base on the fact that when he felt justified in following his vocation to the Passionist Congregration he could bring himself to commit his children to a couple in California who were to give them their own name and family life. That the exacting nature of his life's work as a Passionist did not entirely submerge the taste for literature which he had formed in his earlier years we can gather from several of his letters, one of them containing some excellent criticism of John Inglesant and others an interesting summary and critique of the two Golden Treasury series of F. T. Palgrave.

American Catholics will feel that this is an important book, for it records a life that ranks with those of Father Hecker, Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, Maurice Francis Egan, and others like them who have helped to build up the tradition of a cultured and earnest Catholicism in their country—the "free Church in a free state" of De Lamennais, without that unfortunate cleric's academic heresies.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman: Second Series, 1863-1865, edited by S. M. Ellis. New York: George H. Doran Company. $7.50.

VICTOR HUGO has told us that no man is so unlike the generation into which he survives as the man who was typical in every way of the generation in which he flourished. The same thing is true of the memoirs and diaries which men leave behind them to confound us with a view of life absolutely at variance with our own. Great spirits like Augustine, Montaigne, Bacon, or our own Henry Adams belong to no particular age. Were they to appear among us, we feel that a very slight reorientation would put them into touch with all that is being said and done today. But imagine, if you can, Pepys, Mme. de Sévigné, Horace Walpole or Fanny Burney called upon to take mental bearings in our complex and sophisticated age!

What lends interest to the budget of gossip and small beer bequeathed by Sir William Hardman, a second instalment of whose letters to a friend in Australia has been published, is just this strange obsolescence, though sixty years have not passed since he flourished in London. A hard-working and public-spirited civil servant and magistrate, keenly appreciative of the reputable pleasures of life, a friend of many literary men, with a nose for what might be called the "low-down" in their private lives, and a relish for humor of a Rabelaisian tinge, Hardman's science of living is as dead today as mutton or mutton-chop whiskers, as antiquated as a congress-gaiter or lace-paper valentine. Nothing is so past as the near-past.

Hardman was very much in the line of the sort of gossip that did not often get beyond clubs and messes. We learn that the great Duke of Wellington, despite Alfred Lord Tennyson's secure prophesy that "whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed" was driven to an injunction to restrain a needy relative from publishing a batch of letters that would have let the world know the glum victor of Waterloo could do more, pen in hand, than "present his compliments." There are unedifying details on Thackeray's later days and conversation, and a good deal on the Dickens domestic imbroglio, discreditable to the great novelist. Royality is not spared and there are references to the means by which the immense private fortune of the Queen-Empress was built up, to enrich a host of needy German relatives, which make strange comment on the outward loyalty and reverence for the throne and royal family typical of Hardman's age. Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose monograph so effectively broke the atmosphere of legend eight years ago, proves to have been remarkably forbearing in his use of material.

Hardman was a Tory in politics and his references to America and the Civil War show a bias and venom almost unbelievable today. The Federals are "Lincoln and all his vile lot from Washington," the great sad President himself "that presidential ape and Yankee idiotic buffoon, Mr. Abe Lincoln." The war itself seems to have been regarded by Hardman as a sort of opera-bouffe affair, played out by amateurs, whose peripatetics it was interesting to follow at the distance of 2,000 miles. None the less, he is struck by the changes foreshadowed through the wholesale use of rail-communication in war. "A whole corps [he is speaking of the campaign of Lee and Bragg] was taken from one and added to the other, and again brought back when it had served its purpose with as great ease as if they had been within a few hours' march of one another."

Hardman's letters to the Antipodes throw interesting light

One Macmillan Book a Week

WITH HIM IN MIND

By MSGR. J. L. J. KIRLIN

Author of "One Hour With Him," "Our Tryst With Him."

Majestic article by majestic article, Msgr. Kirlin's sincere and forceful exposition of the Apostles' Creed draws the minds of his readers into areas of contemplation where thought loses its way in the Divine. **Price, $1.50**

At your bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mount St. Michael's

Nereid (238th St.) and Murdock Aves.
Bronx, New York City

Conducted by MARIST BROTHERS

Select Boarding and Day School for Boys

HIGH SCHOOL, GRAMMAR, PRIMARY

Opens in September, 1926

Write for Prospectus

COMMONWEAL PAMPHLETS

NUMBER THREE

THE REVELLER

A Franciscan Play

By DANIEL SARGENT

THIS one-act play about St. Francis was successfully produced by the Tavern Club in Boston, with incidental music arranged by C. M. Loeffler. The simplicity of the stage mechanism and costuming make it admirably adapted for amateur production by schools and drama groups. Rights for production may be secured from THE COMMONWEAL.

The publication of "The Reveller" in pamphlet form is especially timely in that it makes available another splendid contribution to Franciscan literature for the septacentenary anniversary of the great saint's birth.

Ten cents a copy, Seven dollars a hundred

Order a hundred for distribution

THE COMMONWEAL

Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a complacent generation which had little conception of how many problems its complacency was bequeathing to posterity. Their value is greatly enhanced by the voluminous notes which have been furnished by their editor, Mr. S. M. Ellis, often of a frankness which surpasses Hardman's none too guarded references to the foibles of the men and women with whom he came in contact.

T. C.

Cosmic Evolution, by John Elof Boodin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS book would have undoubtedly been improved and rendered much more readable had it been subjected to a process of judicious pruning, but none the less it is one which cannot be neglected by any careful student of philosophy and especially by those who are dissatisfied with the popular "behavioristic" psychology of the day.

The writer has evidently and admittedly been much influenced by Alexander's Space, Time, and Deity, and from time to time we seem to catch the note of Lloyd Morgan's Emergent Evolution. With much of what the author says we can fully agree.

"While science has insisted that material effects must have adequate material causes, it has not been equally ready to admit that spiritual effects must have adequate spiritual causes. . . .

"Materialism has submitted magic for sober thought. The whole process of evolution becomes a succession of miracles without intelligible ground in the process. The appearance in a world of chance of any order at all, the emergence of life, with its series of forms and organs, the final appearance of intelligence and a sense of beauty—all are miracles. The materialistic scientist has a truly marvelous appetite for the miraculous."

There is no doubt that he is right in this and in his further statement that of all philosophies, materialism makes the greatest demands on man's credulity. The same stream of argument is followed in the discussion of the psychology of today. It has, he thinks, got into a blind alley by becoming the victim of false bifurcations. First of all, there is the Cartesian dualism which fails to account for the functioning of either the body or the mind with which it deals. And there is modern behaviorism which, as he aptly says, "has thrown away the baby with the bath" in trying to get rid of that troublesome thing, the soul. The remedy? Back to Aristotle and Aquinas—and indeed, one of the pleasures in reading this book has been to discover a modern philosopher who knows and appreciates the Angel of the Schools.

"We must go back for historic orientation, not to Descartes, but to Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. Body and soul constitute one integral unity in minded control. 'A man's body is not the same in actuality when the soul is present as when it is absent.' "

All this is excellent and very definite, but when we come to enquire about this soul we find no clear account. We hear what it is not. It is not in the germ-cells, nor is it contributed by the parents: "It is not the soul of the mother or the father; it is a unique soul. It is not the fusion of the two souls of the parents. It is one integral pattern."

With all that we can fully agree. Where, then, does the soul come from? "The emergence of the soul presupposes a creative contribution from the cosmos to the life-stream with its heredity." What are we to make of that cryptic statement? The Church, of course, teaches that each soul is the separate creation of God—a simpler and far more comprehensible, not to say reasonable, explanation than what we have just read. Even the time of acquisition of a soul is indefinite. "Only in a constructive sense can we attribute soul to the embryo or even to the infant." The human being, if we can so call the creature, remains a kind of Undine until it receives—if ever—a soul as "the outcome of a process of creative interaction," for "to develop a soul requires continuous exchange with soul in the cosmos."

After this very incomprehensible account it will not be surprising to find that the writer thinks that immortality may be, but need not be, the lot of this painfully and gradually acquired possession. Nor need we feel surprised to be told that "Jesus remains for us the choicest incarnation of cosmic genius in the warm flesh of mother earth." It is curious that a writer who sees so clearly the failure of materialism should fall into such opposite thickets of incomprehensibility when he comes to grips with the real objects of his search.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

A History of Russia, by Bernard Pares. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.00.

THE stature of Russia has altered during recent years from the "giant of the steppes" to the sinister "red terror," hungry for the civilization of Europe. What will be the next phase? The possibility is important enough to have driven most thoughtful men to a careful reading of Russian literature. Today the names of Dostoyevsky, Pushkin and Tolstoy are included in the universal vocabulary and to them others are constantly being added. Whether or not the result will be a divination and practical understanding of the Russian mind is an open question. But the existence of this literature is certainly one reason why such a book as Sir Bernard Pares's History is important. It supplies, better than any other work we know, the background which is essential to a comprehending reading of the Slavic authors. In more ways than can be enumerated here, it illuminates the script of genius which too often ignored the western mind, or at least assumed that its own milieu was better known than it was.

But apart from this service, Sir Bernard's large volume is valuable because it is history of a superior kind. One cannot expect a treatise so necessarily curtailed in size, to glow with brilliant narratives or to supply detailed studies of engrossing single issues.

However, this necessary sacrifice is compensated for by a discerning way of making the story hinge upon the career of masterly individuals—a way justified by the canons of historical writing because of the peculiar destiny of Russia which, even after the great war has taught an unparalleled lesson of solidarity, permitted a small group of intellegentsia to seize control of its fortunes. The earlier portions of the book are founded largely upon the epics or upon the singularly exhaustive lectures of Dr. Klyuchevsky, perhaps the greatest of the Russian historians. After that the narrative unfolds, in an orderly and easily visualized manner, emphasizing the tendencies which one by one became influential in the life of the nation.

Of particular interest to western readers will be the career of the Orthodox Church, its contest with heresies and defections, its genuine aspirations to sanctity, its gradual blending with the civil power, and its tragic final adventures, exemplified in the fortune of Rasputin. Sir Bernard never condescends to develop possible sensations, never pauses to exploit glamour-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous detail. Though there would naturally be argument about many a passage in the book, the author's impartial temper and rigorous regard for fact are never in doubt. Nevertheless, the style of the narrative is commendably pleasing and lends itself to the pleasure of those who read for pleasure. To have written and published such a book is to have benefited the English-speaking world.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Autobiography of Guibert, translated by C. C. Swinton Bland; with an introduction by G. G. Coulton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

"AND now with a prayer to the most excellent Mary patron of heaven and earth, with Denys lord of all France, let me bring my book to an end," wrote Guibert, abbot of Nogent-Sous-Coucy, thus concluding one of the most interesting of mediaeval autobiographies. It is of importance because of the honest comment it supplies concerning the life and personages of the time during which Abbot Guibert served God—comment on monasteries and the fortunes of the Church, glimpses of Saint Anselm, Rufus the Red, and the fighting nobles of Laon, etchings of beliefs and traditions current among many.

The seventy years between 1053 and 1124 were, as Dr. Coulton says, distinguished by a renaissance of thought and civilization in Europe which is almost comparable to the renaissance of two centuries and a half later. For all their confidence in what we generally incline to regard as superstitions, the early middle-ages, as Abbot Guibert describes them, were already in touch with Latinity and polite letters.

The form of this autobiography was suggested by Saint Augustine's Confessions, which served as the prototype for a kind of literature that was extremely popular. Indeed, Abbot Guibert supplies a counterpart of Saint Monica in his own mother, who is set forth in words so loyal and charming that they become almost one of the rarest portraits of motherhood in literature.

In addition, there are other delicious bits of characterization, of which the following description of a mediaeval school-master may serve as an example: "Now the love this man had for me was of a savage sort, and excessive severity was shewn by him in his unjust floggings; and yet the great care with which he guarded me was evident in his acts. Clearly I did not deserve to be beaten, for if he had had the skill in teaching which he professed, it is certain I was, for a boy, well able to grasp anything that he taught correctly. But because his elocution was by no means pleasing and what he strove to express was not at all clear to himself, his talk rolled ineffectively on and on in a commonplace, but by no means obvious, circle, which could not be brought to any conclusion, much less understood. For so uninstructed was he that he retained incorrectly what he had, as I have said before, once badly learnt late in life, and if he let anything slip out (incautiously as it were) he maintained and defended it with blows, regarding all his opinions as certainly true."

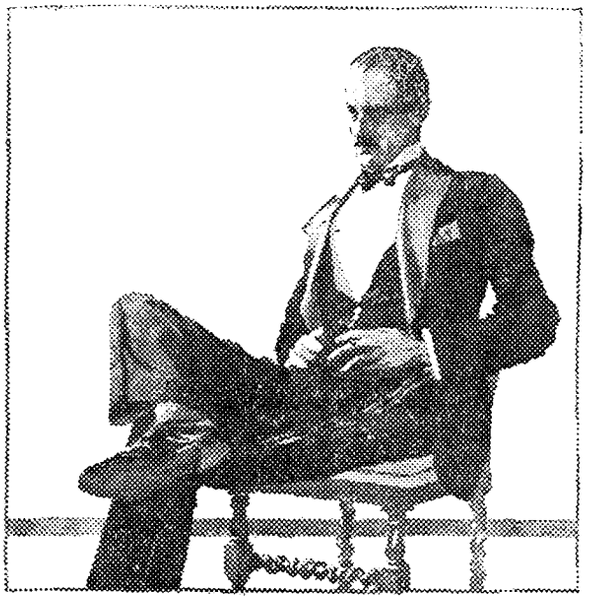
Mr. Bland's translation, commended by his editor, is lively and charming. Its fidelity is, however, most questionable, as critics have clearly observed. Though modern readers may occasionally be a little shocked by the mediaeval plain speech of the Abbot, his work is a valuable and beautiful document which, in its present attractive form, ought to become widely known among those who cherish an interest in the middle-ages.

PAUL CROWLEY.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Gentlemen's Clothing and Furnishings

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



SMARTLY DRESSED MEN

No. V

THE CLUBMAN

Being well-dressed is simply the natural result of association with men whose tastes and customs demand the finest things—vide the clubman.

Altman Dinner Suits, priced from $50.00 up, are full silk-lined, made of excellent cloths and are cut and tailored to please the most discriminating men.

The CLUB WINDOW Says:

The only correct gloves for wear with evening dress are white kid

Entire contents copyrighted, 1926, by B. Altman & Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business Ethics, by James Melvin Lee. New York: The Ronald Press. $3.25.

A VERY considerable assemblage of interesting material concerning business morals is contained in the 300 pages of Dr. Lee's Business Ethics, one-third of which is devoted to an appendix of codified trade maxims, rules of conduct, business creeds and similar formal assertions of principles drawn up by trade associations, business clubs, and industrial or mercantile houses. The subject of modern business in its relations to good behavior has interested Professor Lee for many years. He is the head of the School of Journalism of New York University, and as "lecturer," he manages the required course in business ethics in the New York University School of Commerce.

But the author's mind is singularly reportorial, concerned entirely with getting the facts of news interest and arranging them in interesting order. Logic is "one of those things in college" to him; analysis is taking things apart to study in separate detail; deduction is too dull or too difficult. He quotes Herbert Spencer for a definition of ethics as the science of determining what makes for happiness; and quotes some business man as defining business, "service for profit." Announcing the purpose of pursuing the "case method," he proceeds to make his work in many places what might more accurately be called an anecdote method.

Early in the book the reader is introduced to the principle of considering an act with regard to its probable and possible effects on all its performance may concern. All through the rest of it are mingled cases for that sort of analysis and quotations of varying assertions by varying minds concerning such moral questions as they bring forth. The definition of lying might be reduced to "intentional deception." The author leaves us uncertain as to the moral quality of the "not at home" phrase.

Obligations in charity are hopelessly confused with obligations in justice, both as to arrangement and as to such solution as is given. In nearly all the modern codes of business ethics so liberally quoted and yet more fully appended, justice and charity are mixed with such "good business" as prescribes in high-grade stores, the rule, "the customer is always right."

GEORGE MARIANO.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. JAMES BURNS, C.S.C., former president of Notre Dame University, and now president of Holy Cross College, is the author of several standard works on the history of education.

G. K. CHESTERTON is the distinguished English poet, novelist, and controversial writer.

DR. H. DOPP, S.J., is secretary-general of the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles.

REGINA WALSH and JOHN HANLON are occasional contributors of poetry to the magazines.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, professor of rhetoric and English at Barnard College, Columbia University, is the author of Essays Out of Hours, Introduction to English Mediaeval Literature, and other books.

JOHN SHERRY MANGAN is well known as a translator of the classics and a contributor of poetry and criticism to current magazines.

R. M. PATTERSON, JR., poet and critic, is an expert on agricultural coöperation.

DANIEL J. MCKENNA is a poet, lawyer, and writer on public affairs.

MARIE DE L. WELCH is one of the editors of the San Francisco Review, and a contributor of poetry to the magazines.

ALFRED BATTLE BEALLE is associate editor of the Birmingham News of Alabama.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES is the author of Youth Riding, Drums In Our Street, and other books of poems.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN, poet and short-story writer, is the author of Golden Pheasant.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS is musical critic for several periodicals and the author of 1001 Nights of Opera.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS is a general critic for current periodicals.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE is professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, and the author of many books on science and religious thought.

PAUL CROWLEY is well known among the New York book reviewers.

GEORGE MARIANO is the pen-name of a well-known advertising man.

BRIEFER MENTION

East Wind, by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

CRITICS may finally decide that Miss Lowell was betrayed by grim fate into a lifelong hankering after a literary medium that could never really be hers. She knew a great deal about poetry, and she achieved wonders in making it once again an object of popular interest. But it does seem that all her compromises with prose, her polyphony and intellectualism, betray a fundamental innate inability to know any of the things her beloved Keats had accomplished so spontaneously. On the other hand, she had an instinct for narrative, a gift for dialect writing, and a mastery of pointed psychological phrasing. One hesitates to say that any of the versified stories included in East Wind is essentially great, but many of them are beautiful in a kind of morbid, even terrible, way. Our choice would be The Note-Book in the Gate-Legged Table, a peculiar and very dramatic narrative of insane neuroticism. The whole of this little posthumous volume will probably be widely read. If it does not reveal Miss Lowell in a mood very different from what is discernible in her more properly mature books, it displays an attempt to utilize native American material. Besides, it is quite possible that many readers will enjoy essaying a comparison of this collection with the dialect poems that came from the pen of Tennyson.

Ceremonial for the Use of the Catholic Churches in the United States of America, by W. Carroll Milholland. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner and Company.

THE closest fidelity to approved Roman custom insures the correctness which the reverend author aspires to promote in his excellent volume on ceremonial. He has followed such authorities as Martinucci, Joseph Halgy, and Adrian Fortescue in minor points upon which no definite instructions are given by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Father Milholland's book is, therefore, a practical guide for both clergy and laity in following the beautiful rites of the Church throughout the Mass, the Holy Week ceremonies, the rites for festivals, consecrations, requiems, and devotions like the Forty Hours. The method of the volume is clear and well-regulated to serve practical purposes of devotion, as well as to render in a fit manner the ancient usages which the Church throughout its long history has preserved and cultivated.

American History, by Clarence Manion. Boston: Allyn and Bacon. $1.80.

PROFESSOR MANION, as an excellent and experienced teacher of American history, undertook the writing of a textbook for secondary schools in a spirit of scholarly enthusiasm. Few similar books reveal so much desire to get at the facts in the national story, to ward off misconceptions and prejudices, and to instill in the mind of the reading pupil an understanding of civic institutions as they are. The book is refreshingly free from jingoism, even though its treatment of such periods as that of the Revolution leaves no doubt as to where the author's heart reposes. Probably the best section of Professor Manion's history is devoted to the settlement and colonization of the present United States. Here ample justice is rendered the Catholic missionaries and their companions. On the whole, the treatment is pedagogically adequate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus could not help noticing that Miss Brynmarian looked pale and wan. She sat at her desk with vacant eye, shuffling and sorting a mass of galley proofs, and a heavy sigh escaped her as she settled down to read them.

"A most curious word," she muttered as she turned to a large volume on her desk.

"What is it?" asked the Doctor, whose profound vocabulary was always cheerfully at the service of his friends.

"Tiliaceous," she replied wearily, running her finger up and down a column of type. "And the dictionary doesn't even give it."

"Oh, but it must," said the Doctor rising and curiously looking over her shoulder. "It means—why child, no wonder you can't find it. You're looking in the telephone directory!"

Miss Brynmarian regarded the huge volume ruefully.

"So I am," she admitted, on the verge of tears.

"These late parties at night!" cautioned the Doctor, shaking his finger.

"Oh, if it only had been!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "Alas, it wasn't a party at all, but really a terrible, frightful nightmare that left me worn and nerve-shattered and unfit for work today."

"Did you dream that you were a Hanover College student subject to the six o'clock curfew rule and no night parties?" queried the Doctor brutally.

"My dream," replied Miss Brynmarian with dignity, "had nothing to do with parties. It was relative to my work."

"I beg your pardon," murmured Angelicus apologetically. "I had no idea that you took your work so conscientiously as to induce a disordered mental state at night. I shall change my advice completely and hereafter advise and encourage you to dance at night."

"You are, after all, so broad-minded, Doctor," said Miss Brynmarian, brightening. "Now I am sure you would enjoy our new supper club"—

"My rheumatism has come upon me again," interrupted the Doctor hastily. "But let us get back to your dream. You haven't yet told me what it was."

Miss Brynmarian reached in her bag and pulled forth a sheaf of scribbled notes, shuddering as she surveyed them.

"It all was so vivid," she remarked, "that when I awakened at two o'clock this morning, shaken and frightened, I arose and jotted down some of its details. When your hear them, I'm sure you will understand the nervous state I am in today. You see," she went on, the light of anxiety growing in her eyes, "I dreamed that the magazine had gone to press and the entire edition was already printed and broadcast over the land. The Editor suddenly was rolled into the library in a wheel-chair, a hopeless invalid from shock. In his hand he held a copy of the magazine which he handed me with a world of reproach in his eyes. 'This,' he remarked, 'is the cause of my complete breakdown. Please read and explain.'

"As he lay back, exhausted, I took the magazine and opened it—and what I saw in its pages caused me to quail and grow faint. Horrified, my eye ran down the neatly printed columns, to be met with familiar extracts from various articles I have recently prepared for the press, which now appeared together in the form of a leading editorial entitled "Our Cosmic Consciousness." And she began to read from her notes:

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

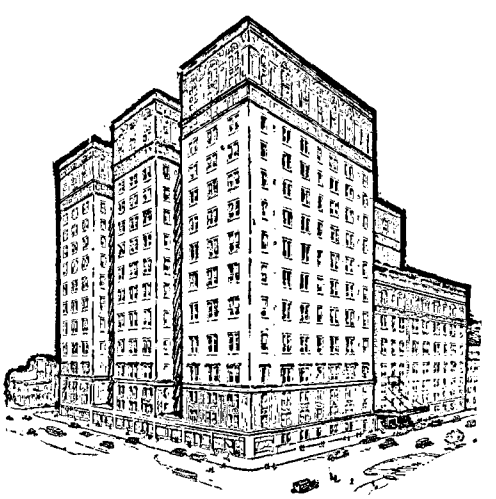
NEW FEET for OLD!

Fuming, fretting, fussy feet,
Tired, aching too!
Bones that groan and joints that creak,
Tender toes and tendons meek,
Swollen, sweaty feet that reek—
What, oh what to do?

Youthified and healthy feet,
Feet that feel reborn!
No more look as if a freak—
Styles that make the foot so sleek;
Gone is pain, and banished pique!
Wear the shoes the wise ones seek:
Trade marked: *PEDIFORME*

FREE CATALOG—*Send name and address for complete catalog showing all late styles and a fund of information on foot-ills and their corrections. Ask for Style Book K.*

PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 West 36th Street, New York
322 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE only Apartment Hotel in New York where you can cook as much as you desire ... Complete Kitchens, Iceless Refrigeration and Dining Alcoves ... all household and hotel services available ... 2, 3, 4 Room suites ... on lease or transiently ... Furnished or unfurnished.

12 East 86th Street
America's Premier Apartment Hotel
NEW YORK
Ownership Management, I. Fluegelman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Ursula of the Blessed Virgin
On the Hudson
ACADEMY FOR GIRLS KINGSTON, N. Y.
Boarders and Day Pupils
Apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

Ladycliff Academy
Highland Falls, N. Y.
Chartered Regents School for Girls
Military Training in Small Boy's Dept.

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

ST. ENDA'S SCHOOL
The Only School of Its Kind in the U. S.
Opens Sept. 20th. Modeled after St. Enda's, Dublin
Give your boy a chance, educate him in an Irish environment and he will love and bring honor to his name and race. A College Preparatory Boarding School for boys. Healthful country location. The old Gaelic conception of education, "fosterage." Irish atmosphere. Six year course. Self-help, farming. Love of Irish culture, literature, and music especially fostered. Gaelic taught.
For catalogue, write JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.
Headmaster, St. Enda's School, North Barnstead, N. H.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

"Queen Marie of Roumania was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd. Among Tony's bevy of bruised beauty, her arrival injects the discord we should expect. That does not imply a comparison between flies and mortal men: it merely signifies that those who feel that government has no hygienic function, that economy and not salutary spending for the public weal ought to be a social rule, have overlooked essential matters. But Saint Brendan never prayed harder than when he wanted to know what a multitude of white birds might mean. As a tempestuous amateur at golf, he gave racial gusto full vent. The poet Milton was its first important apologist, but no one took him seriously, for bad boys are largely created by the disorganizing forces consequent upon the confused conditions where life is in process of ferment. He promoted an act of Parliament, a rare and very expensive affair. But in the great money-raising enthusiasm that swept the country in the war period . . . a fund of $3.85 was collected. Thus we see the intelligent fruits of his labor.

"Most certainly the Youth's Companion is to be congratulated on its hundredth anniversary. It supplies better than any other work we know the background essential to a comprehending reading of the Slavic authors. The third act blooms suddenly and surprisingly into the liveliest and most comical burlesque. Thereby a problem of supreme importance is suggested again. 'A bruise you remember is better than a kiss you forget.' It would be absurd not to justify this faith as soon as the condition of commerce makes it possible. But let us confine ourselves to the United States. The Franciscans wrought wonders in California. From the year 1769, when the first mission was established, down to 1846 they converted about 100,000 Indians from savagery to Christianity, built twenty-one costly and beautiful temples, and established twenty-one havens of refuge that dispensed material and spiritual comfort to thousands of natives.

"How, it may be asked, does the machine manage this concentration, how gather all these folk with divergent views on horse-racing and economics? The play ends in marriage and reformation, for the political philosophy of Washington, Jefferson, and others is still preferred by many to that of the prophet of internationalism. Millions of President Wilson's own party, from Maine to California, who never heard of 'middle-west anger' voted against Mr. Cox. All of these knew a great deal about poetry. Gradually these different movements led to the desire to form one large and important association for the advancement of science. Yet none of those will criticize America for preventing bigamy.

"The President of the Board of Aldermen addressed the gathering on New York's transit system, particularizing on the ferry lines and the subways in the following words:

> " 'Like to a vessel in form, wrought by Hephaistos's hands,
> winged underneath, and resplendent with gilding, across the deep waters
> rapidly thence from the land Hesperidian is borne
> after the rose-fingered Eos, deserting the sea-enclosed chamber,
> leaving Okeanos there, high unto heaven ascends;
> for he is borne through the billows, asleep on his longed-after love-couch,
> then does the son of Hüperion swiftly ascend to his chariots.' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED